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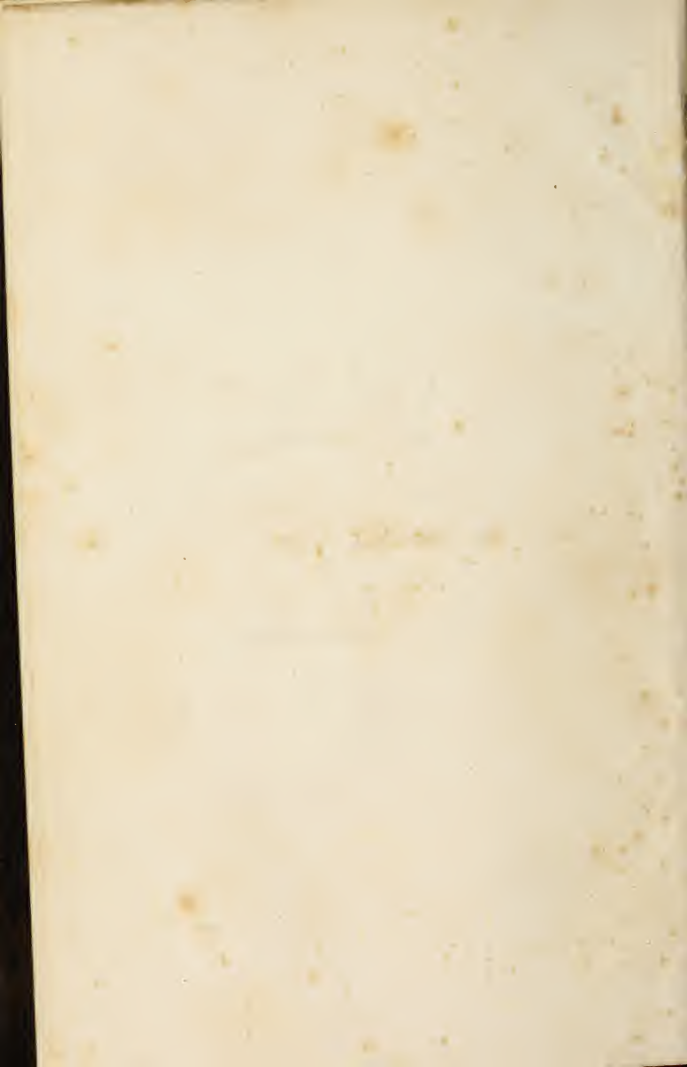
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SPECIMENS
OF AN
IMPROVED METRICAL TRANSLATION
OF THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
INTENDED FOR THE USE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

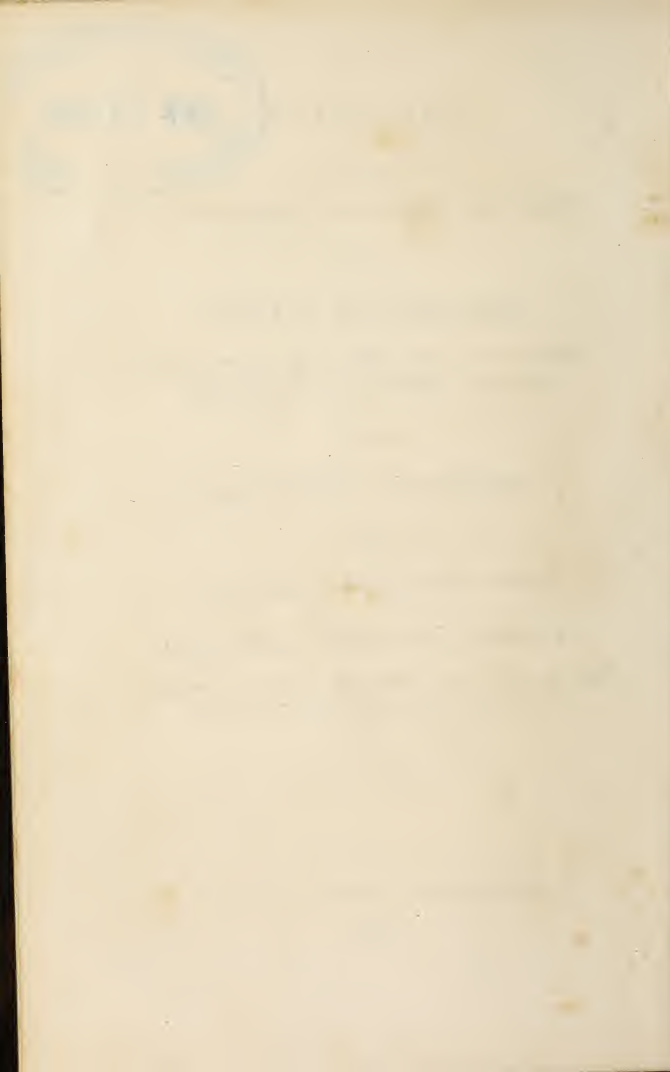
WITH A
PRELIMINARY DISSERTATION,
AND
NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.
BY JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D.

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with the Church of Scotland, in New South Wales.

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PRELIMINARY DISSERTATION.

PSALMODY, or the singing of "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual songs" to the praise of God, has doubtless formed a part of the public worship of God in all ages. In Genesis iv. 26, we read, that in the days of Enos, the grandson of Adam in the line of Seth, "men began to call upon the name of the Lord," i. e. to assemble regularly for the *public* worship of God every Sabbath, to prefer their united supplications to that throne of grace which was even then visible to the eye of faith, and to sing the praises of the Most High God, perhaps in some of those songs of Paradise which the aged parents of mankind had been accustomed to sing in the days of their innocence, and which had probably survived the loss of Eden, and the misery and degradation of the fall. We have reason to believe also that this earliest psalmody of the antediluvian church was entirely vocal, or, in other words, unaccompanied with instrumental music of any kind. For it was not till the era of Jubal, the seventh from Adam, in the family of Cain, (Genesis iv. 21.) that either wind or stringed instruments of music were invented. "The sons of God"—for such was Adam (Luke iii. 38.) and all those of his fallen posterity who had turned with him to the strong hold as prisoners of hope—sung the high praises of Jehovah with the understanding and with the spirit, and with their voices alone, though attuned, doubtless, to the melodies of Paradise. "The harp and the organ" were ever and anon heard in the tents of "the daughters of men." We know, indeed, that these inventions of Jubal were at one time consecrated to the worship of the true God, and were employed by divine appointment in the temple service on Mount Zion. But we know also that the outward ser-

vices of that typical mountain have long since been superseded by the same divine authority, and that all mankind are now commanded "to worship the Father," as he was doubtless worshipped by "the sons of God" in the antediluvian church, "in spirit and in truth."

There is direct evidence of the continuance of psalmody as a part of the public worship of God in the patriarchal ages; for otherwise, how could "Moses and the children of Israel," before the delivery of the law from Mount Sinai, or the organization of the Jewish church, have "sung this song unto the Lord," after their deliverance from the power of Pharaoh; "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," &c. ? Exod. xv. 1.

That psalmody also continued to be a part of the tabernacle service in the wilderness, and of the public worship of the Israelitish church in general till the reign of David, there is no reason to doubt. The ascription of the ninetyethth psalm to Moses, by the concurrent voice of antiquity, is a proof of the universal belief of the fact by the ancient church.

The era of David, however, is the most interesting in the history of psalmody. That sweet singer of Israel not only composed the greater number of the psalms himself, but had them set to music in the most skilful manner, and made effectual provision for their being regularly sung in the public worship of God in succeeding ages. For of the sons of Korah, whose "children died not" in the rebellion of their father, (Numb. xxvi. 11.) "David and Samuel the Seer did ordain" singers, who, in after ages, "remaining in the chambers" of the temple of Solomon, "were free" from the other services of the Levites, "for they were employed in that work day and night." 1 Chron. ix. 22. 33. Of these sons of Korah, the only family that survived the Babylonish captivity, and returned with Ezra, the scribe, to re-establish the worship of the Lord God of Isra^l on the

hill of Zion, was that of Asaph, an illustrious descendant of Korah, who was himself not only the chief musician of his day, but the author also of several of the most beautiful and affecting of the psalms. Of the sons of Asaph, there returned not fewer than "one hundred and twenty-eight," who, with their wives and children, amounted to "two hundred singing men and singing women." Ezra ii. 41. 65.

There is reason to believe, moreover, that, after the Babylonish captivity, the Psalms of David were regularly sung, not only in the temple-service, but also in all the synagogues throughout the land every Sabbath, as well as by all the devout families of Judah in their more private devotions. For we read in Matth. xxvi. 30. that our blessed Saviour and his disciples, immediately after the institution of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, "sung an hymn"—probably either the greater or lesser Hallel, as the series of psalms uniformly sung by the Jews at the celebration of the passover were usually denominated.

Psalmody constituted a part of the divinely appointed worship of God in the primitive Christian church. For the Apostle Paul gives the following apostolic directions on the subject to the church of Ephesus. "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." Eph. v. 18. 19. To the Colossians also the same apostle writes, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Coloss. iii. 16. And the Apostle James intimates in his general epistle, that the business of praising God, in such psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, is not to be confined to the church only, or the public worship of God, but ought to constitute a part of the more private devotions of every Christian man. "Is any merry," says the apostle, "let him sing psalms." James v. 13.

Nay, an ancient heathen historian, (Suetonius,) in briefly describing the Christians of his day, who were then a new and despised sect, characterises them as persons who met together at certain stated times, "*Christum quasi Deum celebrantes*," to sing the praises of one Christ, *whom they called God*.

Whether the apostolic phrase, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," denotes three different species of composition, and whether the word "psalms" refers exclusively to the Psalms of David, may admit of doubt. That the Psalms of David were indiscriminately called either "psalms or hymns" by the Christian Greeks, is evident from the passage already quoted, (Matth. xxvi. 30.) and the appellation "songs" is one which is often given them by the psalmist himself. On the other hand, the following passage, in which the word occurs in the singular number, would seem to indicate a composition of which the person who proposed to sing it in the church was himself the author. "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together, every one of you hath a *psalm*—hath a doctrine—hath a tongue—hath a revelation—hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying." 1 Cor. xiv. 26.

It is undeniable, however, that the Psalms of David were sung in the public worship of God by the primitive Christians; but it is equally undeniable that hymns or spiritual songs, of merely human composition, were also used in the public services of the Christian church from the apostolic age. For the earlier ecclesiastical historians inform us, that several of the Christian fathers, among whom Nonnus and Gregory, of Nazianzum, held a distinguished place, obtained considerable celebrity among their cotemporaries, from the composition of such hymns and spiritual songs.

It is allowed, however, on all hands, that the psalmody of the primitive church was exclusively vocal. No Christian emperor ever obtained the surname of Organoclastes, or Organ-breaker—as one of them obtained that

of Iconoclastes, or Image-breaker—just because there were no organs to break. Indeed, instrumental music was utterly unknown to the Christian church, until ages after the era of Constantine; under whose successors she gradually lost the native energies that enabled her to stand erect under the tyranny of Nero and Dioclesian, and became more and more enfeebled by leaning on the crutch of temporal power. Then it was, when the glory of her youthful beauty had departed, and the voice of her singing men and her singing women was heard no more—when her eyes were so dim that she could no longer behold the heavenly Jerusalem, or see “the land that is afar off”—that she seems to have groped her way back to the earthly Palestine, in the train of the ignorant Crusaders, and stumbled on the old harps and timbrels and organs of Solomon.

We learn from ancient ecclesiastical history, that the celebrated Ambrose, of Milan, the author of the beautiful hymn *Te Deum*, which has been so grossly prostituted in the Romish church, introduced the practice of alternate or responsive singing into the churches of Italy, from whence it very speedily spread over the western empire.

At the glorious era of the Reformation, when Europe awoke from her sleep of ages, and so many of her nations received life from the dead, it is not to be wondered at that the Psalms of David should almost every where have been exclusively received, as the only compositions that were worthy to be used by the church of God, in singing the high praises of Jehovah. There were a few other compositions doubtless, of superior merit, in the Latin services of the Romish church; but, besides their being in an unknown tongue, they lacked the image and superscription of the Spirit of God—they had been profaned, like the brazen serpent of Moses, to idolatrous purposes—and they were therefore left, not unworthily, to share the common lot of those Babylonish abominations which the reformation swept away. Besides, the Psalms

of David were found to be peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of the Protestant people, in those troublous times that followed the second rising of the Sun of Righteousness in the west. Applicable to the state, and suited to the wants of every Christian man, they were found to be peculiarly so to those of men who were hunted, like the Psalmist David, "as a partridge on the mountains"—"who looked on their right hand, but there was no man that would know them—no man that cared for their soul." For whether, in the ever-varying scenes through which they passed, they required a penitential psalm or a song of triumph—whether they required to recount the mercies of the Lord, or "to speak of the might of his terrible acts"—whether they required to bewail the desolations of the church, or to exult in the prospect of her promised glory; they were always sure to find some one of these ancient melodies suited to their state and ready to their hand. The harp of the son of Jesse had been found effectual of old, in soothing the dark spirit of Saul when the fit of madness was on him; so was it found equally effectual, in these times of suffering and sorrow, in soothing the spirit of God's people in the midst of their afflictions, and in speaking peace to their troubled souls.

We find, accordingly, that metrical versions of the Psalms of David were published in the vernacular languages of all the Protestant countries of Europe, immediately after the Reformation. Clement Marot, a French Protestant, of no small celebrity in his day, assisted by the celebrated Theodore Beza, of Geneva, published a metrical version of the Psalms of David in the language of his country, which was long highly acceptable to the Protestants of France. In the German language a similar version was also published by some of the associates of Luther, to which, I believe, Luther himself contributed. And I happen to possess a metrical version of about fifty of the psalms in the Italian language, written shortly after the Reformation for the Protestants of Italy.

In the English language, the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which was written towards the close of the sixteenth century, and the name of which has long been synonymous with barbarism itself, became current in Great Britain during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and continued in general use, both in England and Scotland, till it was superseded by a much superior version, executed chiefly by an English Presbyterian of the name of Rous, at the instance of the Westminster Assembly during the long Parliament. That version having been adopted at the time by the church of Scotland, has ever since been in general use among the Presbyterians of that country, and of the North of Ireland. The version generally used in the Church of England, since the reign of Queen Anne, is that of Tate and Brady.

As the European dialects became gradually more and more polished, and the principles of poetical, or rather rhythmical composition, better understood, the earlier metrical versions of the psalms were generally found, as in the case of that of Sternhold and Hopkins, to be harsh and barbarous in the extreme. In the earlier part of last century, Gellert, a German professor at Leipsic, laments, in the preface to a small collection of German hymns which he wrote and published, that the old version of the psalms, which was then still generally used by the Protestants of Germany, was so harsh and barbarous as to be no longer fit for the use of the German people. And it is much to the credit of the puritans of New England, that so early as the year 1640, before either of the later English versions was published, the printing press of Harvard College, in the state of Massachusetts, should have issued, as one of its earliest publications, "A New Version of David's Psalms." The following account of the origin and character of that version, which I extract from Neal's History of New England, will doubtless be interesting to the reader.

"The ministers, it seems, were not satisfied with Sternhold and Hopkins, not so much on the account of

their *poetry*, as because they had perverted the text in a great many places; they resolved, therefore, on a *new version*, and committed the care of it to some of the chief divines in the country, among whom were the Reverend Mr. Eliot, of Roxbury, Mr. Mather, of Dorchester, and Mr. Welds; who, having compared their several performances together, printed the whole at Cambridge in the year 1640. When the book was published it did not satisfy the expectations of judicious men, for, being composed by persons of a different genius and capacity, it was far from being of a piece; and was therefore, after some time, committed to one hand, to be corrected, and made a little more uniform; Mr. Henry Dunstar, president of the college, was the man chosen to this work, who, with the assistance of Mr. Richard Lyon, tutor to Sir Henry Mildmay's son, then boarding in his house, reduced it to the form in which it appears at present; but, after all, if we compare the New England version of the psalms with those that have since been published to the world, it must be acknowledged to be but a mean performance; it keeps pretty close indeed to the English prose, but has very little beauty or elegance in it, the lines being frequently eked out, with a great many insignificant particles for the sake of the rhyme; and 'tis but a weak apology that the translators offer for themselves, when they say, *that we must consider that God's altar needs not our polishings*: as if it were more eligible to sing the praises of God in barbarous verse, than in more exact and elegant composures; so that, how commendable soever this performance might be, in the time when it first appeared, I think, with the leave of the learned men of that country, it wants now to be revised and corrected by the more beautiful versions of Dr. Patrick, Tate and Brady. And I heartily wish that some judicious person among them would attempt it."—*Neal's Hist. of New England*, vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

The Version of the Psalms of David, by the celebrated

Dr. Watts, was not published at the time Neal wrote his history, (1719,) otherwise, he would neither have forgotten to refer his readers to that far more beautiful version, nor have wasted so much praise on men of such inferior name as those he has specified. The new version of Tate and Brady is sufficiently smooth; but it is generally exceedingly tame, and it by no means adheres to the sense of the original; the sentiments it conveys being often directly at variance with those inculcated in the word of God. The chief fault of this version, however,—and it is one that ought neither to be tolerated nor excused in the Christian church,—is, that it bears the marks of having been written much nearer Mount Parnassus than Mount Zion, and that its ornaments are borrowed rather from the Pantheon of Athens, than from the sanctuary of the living God. For so cold and lifeless is its theology, that methinks it might have been entitled with propriety, “The Psalms of David frozen into English Rhyme.”

Of the version of Dr. Watts, the taste and the elegance of which are equal to the orthodoxy of its sentiments and the warmth of its devotion, it is sufficient to inform the Presbyterian reader, that it is rather a paraphrase than a translation. It is the Psalms of David *accommodated* (as the term implies they require to be) to the circumstances of a Christian congregation, by the introduction of language which they do not contain, and of sentiments which they rather imply than express. That there is anything improper in this method of giving the Psalms of David to an English congregation, I should be loth to affirm. If the primitive Christians were allowed to form their hymns and spiritual songs on whatever scriptural models they chose, retaining as much or as little of the language of scripture as they pleased, why should their successors, the Christians of the present day, be disallowed the same liberty? This is not one of the matters at issue between Presbyterians and other denominations of Christians. But it is a point fixed and settled among

Presbyterians themselves—settled, I conceive, wisely, and approved by the practice of three centuries—that the Psalms of David shall be translated and not paraphrased; that they shall be presented to the Christian people, unmixed with any human compositions, whether in the way of addition or embellishment; and that no inferior musician shall presume to play a second harp, when the chief of the inspired musicians of Israel strikes his heavenly strings.

But, surely, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there is just as much reason for the Presbyterians of Scotland and the British colonies to discontinue to sing the Psalms of David in *barbarous verse*, as there was for the Puritans of New England to discontinue the use of the old version of Sternhold and Hopkins in the year 1640. The Scottish version—the one authorized by the Westminster Assembly—is, of all the versions of the psalms in the English language, the truest to the original; having been formed directly from the Hebrew, without the intervention of a prose translation. It is hallowed, moreover, in the estimation of the Scottish people, from having been used by their persecuted forefathers in the days of the Covenant, and from having often afforded sweet consolation to many of these sons and daughters of affliction under the tyranny of the Stuarts. And it doubtless contains many passages, the beauty and simplicity of which would be but ill exchanged for the more ambitious ornaments of modern rhyme. Still, however, as a whole, it is confessedly far below the intellect of the present age; its *harshness* gives positive *offence* to many, and acts as a *repellent* to many more; and, constituted as we are intellectually, it is quite impossible for the men of the present generation uniformly to associate with it the same feelings of devotion which it doubtless never failed to excite in the breasts of our forefathers.

But if this is true even in Scotland, where the popularity of the present version depends on a variety of ad-

ventitious circumstances that cannot operate elsewhere, how much more so must it not be in the British colonies, where Presbyterians come in contact with Christians of other denominations, and make comparisons, in the matter in question, that are not unfrequently to their own disadvantage?

It is mere sophistry to allege, with the old Puritans of New England, that *God's altar needs not our polishings*. God's altar (I mean the Psalms of David, as the phrase is intended to signify in such a connection) was originally a highly polished altar—"polished after the similitude of a palace" by one of the most skilful of the workmen of Israel. And if dust has gathered over it in the lapse of ages, and rust tarnished its polishing, it can only have been through the inattention and neglect of those who stand daily in the courts of God's house, and whose duty it is to clear that dust and that rust away, and to keep it brightly burnished and beautiful as at first.

Besides, it cannot be denied that the very fidelity of the Scotch version constitutes, in many instances, one of its greatest blemishes. For it is so slavish a translation, word for word, of the original Hebrew, that, in consequence of the totally different idiomatical character of the two languages, and the extremely delicate and evanescent nature of many of the allusions, especially in psalms of the higher order of poetical composition, it is often scarcely less unintelligible to a mere English reader than the Hebrew original.

Conceiving, therefore, that a reform of the Scotch psalmody ought,—especially with a view to the spiritual welfare and advancement of the Presbyterian church in the British colonies,—to be effected as speedily as possible, it appeared to me that I could not occupy a portion, at least, of the leisure of the long voyages I have unfortunately been obliged to undertake to and from the mother country during the last ten years, more advantageously than in contributing my quota towards effecting so desirable an

object—hoping and trusting that my labours in this way, during the period of my involuntary absence from an affectionate people, might eventually prove not altogether unserviceable to the colonial church, of which Divine Providence had made me the humble instrument of laying the foundations on the far distant shores of the Southern Pacific. With this view, after doubling the north east cape of New Zealand, on my second voyage to England from New South Wales, in the year 1830, I attempted a new metrical version of one or two of the psalms by way of experiment, and continuing the work thereafter during the run to Cape Horn, and down the South Atlantic, I had completed a new version of fifty-one psalms altogether, before crossing the Southern Tropic. The psalms I refer to were those from the 1st to the 20th, and from the 120th to the 150th inclusive.

Having experienced some discouragement, however, from a clerical friend, whom I consulted on the subject on my arrival in Great Britain, I did not resume the occupation till the year 1834, when proceeding to New South Wales from England for the fourth time. In the course of that voyage I translated the psalms from the 21st to the 50th inclusive; and during my fifth voyage to the colony in the the year 1837, I added a version of the following sixteen. The 67th to the 70th inclusive were written in crossing the North Atlantic from Liverpool to New York a few weeks ago. Whether I shall ever translate the remaining psalms, from the 71st to the 119th inclusive, will depend, under the blessing of God, on the judgment that may be passed, by my clerical brethren in the mother country and in America, on the translations I have already completed.

The incidents of a sea voyage, especially in the high stormy latitudes of the great Southern Ocean, are by no means favourable to literary labour of any kind. It is very probable that the reader may discover many evidences of so undesirable a situation, in the manner in which

some, if not most, of the following translations have been brought to their completion.

The usual appliances of a well furnished library, or of a comfortable study on shore, are not to be thought of in such circumstances. The stock of books on board ship, must necessarily be very limited. The writing desk, moreover, must be lashed to its proper fixture, otherwise it will, ever and anon, run the most imminent hazard of being thrown down and broken in pieces. And the writer's foot must be firmly planted against some trunk or beam, to enable him to maintain something like a suitable posture, while the ship rolls and pitches violently and incessantly. In such circumstances, it is not to be greatly wondered at if it should be found occasionally that "The line too labours, and the words move slow."

Of the very few works of any kind to which I had access in translating the first twenty, and the last thirty of the psalms, the one to which I was chiefly indebted was the German version of the Holy Scriptures, by Martin Luther; of which I happened to have a pocket edition of the New Testament, on board, with the Psalter annexed. Of all the versions of the Holy Scriptures that have ever been given to the nations, perhaps the English and the German authorized versions are the very best. If there is any difference in the comparative degrees of excellence of these two versions themselves, I would say, that while the English translators have, in general, aimed too exclusively at rendering the original, word for word, without sufficiently considering the bearing of each word on the whole passage in which it occurs, the German translators seem to have generally taken a more extended view of the whole passage they were about to translate, and have therefore been more judicious and more successful in their use of those connecting particles, on which the sense of a passage often materially depends. This is especially apparent in the argumentative parts of the epistles of Paul.

There are comparatively only a few cases in the book of Psalms, in which the English and the German translators have differed from each other in their views of the original. In these cases, I have generally adhered to the English version, unless there appeared very strong reasons for preferring the German. But in every instance in which I have felt myself constrained to adopt Luther's version in preference to our own, I have stated my reasons for doing so in the notes. If I have thus been enabled to exhibit to the English reader several interesting passages in the Psalms of David in a still more interesting light, and to elucidate other passages really dark and difficult, the reader will have the satisfaction of knowing, that the version I have given, in all such cases, does not rest on my individual authority, but on that of men at least equally eminent with the authors of the English authorized version of the Holy Scriptures—I mean Luther and the other fathers of the Reformation in Germany.

In the translations extending from the twenty-first to the fiftieth inclusive, I had access to various critical works of superior merit, and wherever I deemed it advisable, in any of these psalms, to adopt a different version from that of our own prose translation, I have indicated my authority at the bottom of the page. In the remaining translations I have relied, next to our own version, on a critical work of superior character, entitled "A New Translation of the Book of Psalms, from the original Hebrew, with Explanatory Notes, by William French, D. D., and George Skinner, M. A.," both of the University of Cambridge. I have also carefully compared the whole of my own previous translations with this version, and adopted various elucidations which it suggested; and in those passages in which I had previously deviated from the common version, I have generally found these deviations warranted by additional authority.

In regard to the style in which an improved metrical

version of the Psalms of David for the use of the Presbyterian church in the British colonies should be composed, and the general pitch of its language, I would observe, that as a great proportion of that part of the English language which is available for purposes of literature, is of foreign manufacture, i. e. of Latin and French origin, and consequently unintelligible, in a much greater degree than is generally supposed, to the great bulk of the nation; it is a matter of imperious necessity that, in any English composition, which is designed to serve as a manual of devotion to the unlearned, as well as to persons of liberal education, there ought, if possible, to be a rigid exclusion of all words that are not universally intelligible, and in all cases of synonymous words, a decided preference of those which are of Saxon or Teutonic origin. While, for instance, we have such unobjectionable English words as *heavenly, earthly, endless, everlasting, &c.*, why should such interlopers as *celestial, terrestrial, interminable, &c.*, which are ever and anon recurring in the lyrical effusions of modern rhythmical devotion, be permitted to occupy a place in an English psalm or hymn? Something, indeed, in the way of sound may often be gained by the use of such high-sounding and lengthy words; but surely every thing in the way of sense and propriety is wantonly sacrificed and needlessly lost. The knowledge of foreign tongues will never surely make a man of sense unmindful of the proprieties of his own. Paul, the apostle, *spoke with tongues* more than all his cotemporaries. "Yet, in the church of God," he tells us, "I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." 1 Corinth. xiv. 19.

I will not take upon me to maintain that the language employed in the following specimens is uniformly accordant with this apostolic example; though, in various instances, I have substituted a rougher for a more sonorous expression, to guard against the evil which it repro-

bates. If particular words should be alleged as not generally intelligible, I would remind the reader that the habit of using such words is almost unavoidably acquired in the course of a liberal education, and of consequence often insensibly exercised, and that it is much easier to propose a good rule, or a good resolution, than uniformly to follow it. Language a little antiquated, in accordance with that of the common prose version of the Holy Scriptures, is perhaps not altogether to be repudiated in a metrical translation of the psalms for public worship. Such language I have used occasionally.

In such a translation, it is scarcely possible, from the very elliptical character of Hebrew poetry, to obviate the necessity for using occasional supplementary words and supplementary expressions. If these are in evident accordance with the context, and merely amplify the idea which the Psalmist more darkly expresses, I do not think that the use of them can at all come within the case contemplated by the inspired writer, when he says, "Every word of God is pure: add not thou unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar." Prov. xxx. 5, 6. Such words and expressions are occasionally used, even in the old Scottish authorized metrical version, and it would surely have been better to have used them more frequently, than to have the word of God presented to the humble worshipper in so unintelligible a form as it frequently assumes in that version.

I trust the psalmody of the Presbyterian church will never exhibit any traces of that grossness of language, and of that intolerable affectation of familiarity with all that is called God, which, in certain quarters, are often mistaken for the warmth of Christian devotion. Such expressions as "dear Lord," "dear Jesus," "my Jesus," which are ever and anon recurring in the places I allude to, may perhaps be tolerated, but surely they are not to be commended. But what shall we say of *my dear God*, and *my dear Almighty*, which Dr. Watts himself (who stands so much higher in this respect than

so many of his followers) is so far forgetful of propriety as to use? See Hymns 14 and 165, Book ii. Language of this kind has surely no precedent either in the Psalms of David, or in the speech of the apostles. When the king of Israel—that man after God’s own heart—approached the Majesty of Heaven, and of Earth, it was always with the feelings of reverential awe, and in the language of self-abasement. When Peter, the tenderest and the warmest-hearted of all the apostles, expressed to his risen Redeemer all the fulness of his affection, it was sufficient for him to say, “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.” How beautifully affecting, how deeply pathetic, how strongly expressive of self-abasement on the one hand, and of ardent love and devout gratitude on the other, is the language of the psalmist in the following passages, so totally different from the affected familiarity and offensive grossness of many modern hymns! “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.” Psalm li. 1.

“Is this the manner of man, O Lord God? And what can David say more unto thee, for thou, Lord God, knowest thy servant? For thy word’s sake, and according to thine own heart, hast thou done all these great things, to make thy servant know them.” 2 Sam. vii. 19. 21.

In regard to the measures or kinds of verse which it would be expedient to adopt in a new version of the psalms, there is surely nothing, in the high example of David himself, to authorize that dull monotonous uniformity of measure which the old Scottish version exhibits. Some of the Psalms of David are addressed *to the Chief Musician*, or as it is translated in the old Genevan Bible, *to him that excelleth* on Neginoth; others to the Chief Musician on Shoshannim; others to the Chief Musician upon Mahalath; and others again to the Chief Musician upon Jonathan-elem-rechokim. Whether these expres-

sions, which it would be hazardous to translate, indicate a variety of musical instruments, as some suppose, or a variety of tunes merely, as is thought by others, it is undeniable that they indicate a much greater variety of measure than any thing exhibited in the old monotonous Scotch version.

Of the three measures in most frequent use, in devotional compositions for public worship, common metre appears well adapted for all psalms of a didactic character. Short metre, from its abruptness, and the want of the two additional syllables in the first line of the stanza, to which the ear is accustomed in the other two, is evidently well suited for the language of strong passion, whether of grief or joy. Long metre, on the other hand, is, *cæteris paribus*, unquestionably more of a majestic character than either of these, and is therefore better adapted for the language of lofty praise, while the same measure, with alternate rhymes, is a species of elegiac verse, and is consequently well suited for plaintive psalms. It will greatly depend, however, on the taste and feelings of the versifier, and perhaps even on the impressions of the moment, which of these species of verse he shall employ in any given instance; and when he has made his selection, he may doubtless, in general, defend it with the maxim of a great master in the art of poetry,

Quem penes arbitrium est, aut jus, aut norma loquendi?

There are psalms, however, in which any of these three species of verse would be obviously unsuitable—those, I mean, which resemble in their composition the ode or the choruses of the ancient Greek tragedies, with their Strophes and Antistrophes. To endeavour to accommodate such compositions to the procrustean bed of a common four line stanza, is a sort of literary barbarism equally preposterous and indefensible. Such psalms, especially, were addressed by their inspired authors to the Chief Musician of their day; and it was doubtless the

duty of that personage, when he found that there were no old tunes to which they could be sung with propriety, to make new ones; for surely the psalms were not made for the tunes, as they evidently are in the common English metrical versions, but the tunes for the psalms.

Psalms of the kind I allude to are divisible into a variety of parts, each of which embraces a distinct subject, and forms a unique whole, the transition from any one of these parts to the one that immediately follows it, being more or less rapid, and the connection between them more or less obvious, according to circumstances.* Common sense therefore dictates that each of these parts should be carefully ascertained in the first place, and then embodied in a separate stanza; and that the stanza should be long or short, as the case may require. I have acted in conformity with this maxim in several of the following translations, without however introducing any description of stanza unknown to modern devotional poetry.

Of the translations comprised in the following specimens, 42 are in common metre, including second versions of several of the psalms; 27 in long metre; 15 in short; 7 in sevens; 6 in sixes and eights; and a few others in metres not unusual in collections of hymns.

In regard to the use of rhymes, I believe I have not taken greater liberty than is usually taken by Watts and Cowper—men of so high a name as writers of devotional poetry. Extreme fastidiousness in this respect would, I conceive, be unwarrantable in a manual of devotion for public and private worship, as it might perhaps tempt the writer to sacrifice the sense for the sound. At the same time, I would not consider such rhymes as the following, in Dr. Watts's Hymns, either eligible or justifiable.

* The rapid transitions in psalms of the higher description of poetical composition which often appear forced and unnatural to the English reader, were probably accompanied, when chanted in the original, with corresponding changes in the music, which, in all likelihood, would render them peculiarly striking and appropriate in the estimation of the ancient Jews.

Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Through the wide earth his praise proclaim,
His glory in the *high'st*.—*Book iii.* 17.

The Tree of Life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage *to't*.—*Book iii.* 20.

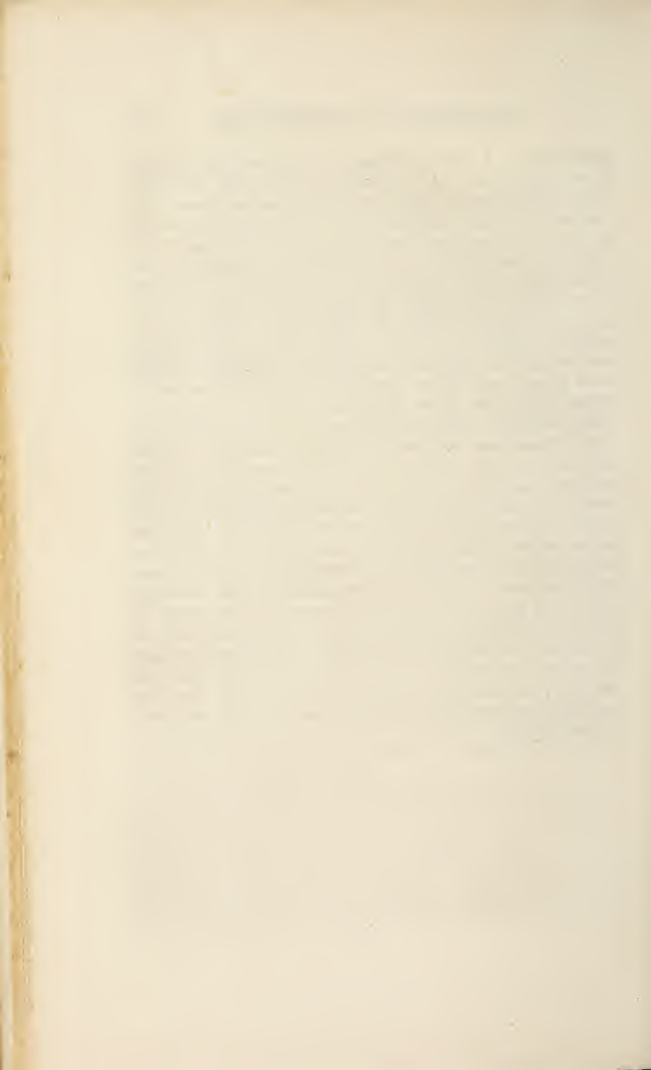
A few of the titles I have prefixed to the first twenty and the last thirty-one psalms are copied from Luther: for the rest I am personally responsible.

In regard to the literary character of the following translations, while I am not vain enough to suppose that they are all fit to occupy a permanent place in a new metrical version of the psalms, for the use of that portion of the Presbyterian communion for which they are intended, I would remind the reader that it is not a series of poems I have submitted to his consideration—each professing to exhibit, in the lofty language and splendid imagery of an English ode, something not unworthy the divine majesty and beauty of the Hebrew original—but a plain unambitious translation of that original, in the monotonous uniformity of an English stanza, adapted for the use of plain Christian men in the public worship of God. For the former of these attempts, I willingly acknowledge that my right hand has no cunning; for the latter, I may have miscalculated my own abilities, but the attempt is not blameworthy, and if it should only stimulate others of superior ability to undertake the task, I shall have gained my end.

At the same time, if the feeling that dictated the *Non omnis moriar*, of the poet, is at all allowable in any instance, surely it is so when connected with the humble attempt to re-attune the harp of David, when it has become discordant through the lapse of ages, and to elicit from its silver chords that sweetest melody which has ever delighted and enraptured the church in all past

generations. I acknowledge, I do cherish that feeling in so far as not to be without hope, that the work which has thus, through the divine blessing, been carried on a considerable length towards its completion, in circumstances so unusual, may yet prove useful to many in the church of God, in those remote regions of the globe, to the welfare and advancement of which I have dedicated my life. And I confess it would afford me the highest pleasure to think that I had been honoured to clothe any of the songs of Zion in language that should be generally used by the people of God in those distant regions, in singing the high praises of Jehovah when I am dead and gone.

But although such anticipations should never be realized, I cannot say with another of the ancients, *Perdidi operam et oleum*. No! When the voice of the tempest has been loud and terrifically overpowering—when the vast ocean waves have been towering both before and behind us, far above the deck of our frail vessel, and the ship's violent motion has made my lamp swing vehemently athwart my cabin, and rendered it impossible to guide my pen—in such circumstances, I have listened again and again at midnight, to the still small voice of the harp of David, till I almost ceased to be conscious of the war of the elements around me. The Lord was not in the tempest, nor in the vast billows of the sea; but the Lord was in that still small voice; and where the Lord is, *there* assuredly there is peace and pleasure, and fulness of joy.



THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I. L. M.

*The righteous and the wicked contrasted in their
characters and in their end.*

- X¹ **B**LEST is the man who walks not in
The counsel of th' ungodly race,
Who stands not in the paths of sin,
Nor sitteth in the scoffer's place.
- 2 But whose supreme and great delight
Are the pure precepts of the Lord,
Who meditates both day and night
Upon Jehovah's holy word.
- 3 Like a tall verdant tree, whose root
Drinks moisture from some water-stream,
And yearly yields abundant fruit;
So shall it ever be with him.
- 4 Far different are th' ungodly race:
Whatever hopes they vainly form,
They shall be driven from their place
Like chaff before the driving storm.
- 5 For when th' assembled just shall stand
Before the Judge in dread array,
To take their portion from his hand,
The wicked then shall fade away.
- 6 For all his people's paths the Lord
Beholds with an approving eye,
But all who scorn his laws and word
Shall perish everlastingly.

PSALM I. C. M.

(Old version modernized.)

- 1 **O** HAPPY is the man and blest,
Who walketh not astray,
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way ;
- 2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair ;
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
Thereon both day and night.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows
In some well-watered scene,
Which yearly yields abundant fruit,
Whose leaf is ever green.
- 4 For all he doth shall prosper still :
Not so th' ungodly race ;
They, like the chaff before the storm,
Are driven from their place.
- 5 The ungodly therefore shall not stand
In the great judgment day,
Nor mingle with th' assembled just
In glorified array.
- 6 For why ? the Lord knows and approves
The way the righteous go :
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM II. P. M.

The firm establishment, universal extent, and eternal duration of the glorious kingdom of Messiah. A prophetic ode.

- 1 **W**HY do the heathen rage ?
Their princes and their kings

- With Judah's sons engage
In vain imaginings,*
Against the High and Holy One,
The Lord and his anointed Son.
- 2 Combining hearts and hands,
They blasphemously say
"Come, let us break their bands,
And cast their cords away."
The Lord who sits enthroned on high
Laughs at their wild impiety.
- 3 Yea, God looks down in scorn
On their assembled strength;
Soon shall his anger burn,
And he will speak at length:
And in the fury of his wrath
Confound his enemies in their path.
- 4 "Declare the sure decree,"
So speaks th' Almighty One,
"I have begotten thee
This day, my only Son.
Thee Zion's king, lo! I ordain,
On Zion's holy mountain reign.
- 5 "Ask, and thy power advance
O'er all the heathen round;
For thine inheritance
Is earth's remotest bound.
With iron rod crush thou them all,
And as a potsherd break them small."
- 6 Now, therefore, kings, attend,
Ye rulers of the earth,
Before Jehovah bend,
Join trembling with your mirth.

* See note A, Ps. 2.

Be wise betimes ; kiss ye the Son,
Lest in his wrath ye be undone.

- 7 For soon his furious wrath
Shall like a furnace blaze,
Consuming in their path
The scorers of his grace.
Blest then is each right-hearted one,
Who puts his trust in him alone.

PSALM III. C. M.

Deliverance from temporal enemies celebrated.

- 1 **O** LORD, how numerous are my foes !
Where'er I look abroad,
Many against me rise, and say,
"He has no hope in God."
- 2 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
Thine hand upholds me still ;
I cried, yea, and the Lord replied
Even from his holy hill.
- 3 I laid me down and slept and waked,
God kept me safe and sound ;
I will not fear ten thousand men
Ranged all against me round.
- 4 Arise, O Lord ; save me, my God ;
Even as in former woes,
Thou brak'st the cheek-bone and the teeth
Of my malicious foes.
- 5 Salvation to the Lord belongs.
Lord, let thy blessing rest
On us, thy people, and we shall
For evermore be blest.

PSALM IV. L. M.

God's favour man's felicity.

- 1 **E**NLARGE me, Lord, in my distress,
 Thou witness of my righteousness;
 Be merciful to me, and hear
 The breathings of my lowly prayer.
- 2 How long, ye sons of men, will ye
 Deride my royal dignity?
 How long, ye great and worldly wise,
 Will ye love vanity and lies?*
- 3 Know that the high and holy One
 The godly man marks for his own;
 Jehovah hears me when I call,
 Hears and delivers me from thrall.
- 4 O fear his name; from sin depart;
 In silence commune with your heart;
 Offer the fruits of righteousness,
 And trust ye in Jehovah's grace.
- 5 Lord, while so many seek in vain
 For earthly good and earthly gain,
 O let thy light and love divine
 Cheer and possess this heart of mine.
- 6 So shall I still be happier far
 Than prosperous worldlings ever are:
 So shall my life be peace; the Lord
 My joy by day, by night my guard.

PSALM V. C. M.

A prayer for the morning of the Sabbath.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, in mercy hear
 My sorrowful complaints;

* See note A, Ps. 4.

- Give ear unto my lowly prayer,
Thou glorious king of saints.
- 2 Lord, thou shalt early hear my voice ;
A suppliant at thy gate,
Early to thee I'll lift my eyes,
And for thy blessing wait.
- 3 For thou art holy, and with thee
No wickedness can dwell ;
Sinners shall from thy presence flee
Down to the lowest hell.
- 4 Thou hatest all unrighteousness,
Destroyest every liar ;
The bloody and deceitful race
Shall know thy fiercest ire.
- 5 But I into thy house will go,
Through thine abundant grace,
And praying thus devoutly bow
Within thy holy place.*
- 6 " Lord, from the paths of righteousness
Permit me not to stray ;
For watchful are my enemies :
Show me thy holy way.
- 7 For false and treacherous they are ;
Polluted is their heart ;
Their throat's an open sepulchre ;
They ply the flatterer's art.
- 8 Lord, let their every art be vain,
Confound their wickedness ;
Let ruin seize the sinful men
And the rebellious race.

* See note A, Ps. 5.

- 9 But let all those who trust in thee
And know thy saving grace,
Let them rejoice exultingly,
And shouts of triumph raise.
- 10 For to the righteous man the Lord
Will choicest blessings yield ;
His grace protection shall afford,
And guard him like a shield."

PSALM VI. L. M.

A prayer for a time of sickness.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy mercy chasten me,
Nor let thy wrath so fiercely burn !
Heal me, O Lord, and set me free ;
O, in thy love to me return !
- 2 My bones are vexed, my flesh is weak ;
My spirit's also vexed sore ;
O save me for thy mercies' sake,
Nor bruise a suppliant sinner more !
- 3 To all around I seem to die ;
But still from death in pity save !
For all the dead in silence lie ;
How can they praise thee in the grave ?
- 4 In weariness by day I groan,
Watering my pillow with my tears ;
And sleepless all the night I moan,
Until the morning light appears.
5. Consumed with grief, my wasted frame
Looks old, and all my foes rejoice.*
Ye wicked, cease your envious dream,
For God hath heard my suppliant voice.

* See note A, Ps. 6.

- 6 Yea ! God hath heard my lowly prayer,
And filled my enemies with shame,
And sore vexation and despair :
For ever blessed be his name.

PSALM VII. L. M.

*Deliverance from enemies implored, with a prophetic
view of the destruction of the wicked.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, I trust in thee ;
O save me from mine enemy ;
Lest, like a lion, he should tear
My soul, and no deliverer near !
- 2 O Lord, my God, if artful guile
My sin-polluted hands defile ;
If I have wronged my friend, or low,
Through dire oppression, brought my foe ;
- 3 Then let that foe pursue and slay ;
Yea, let my life the forfeit pay :
Let foul dishonour blot my name,
And all my glory turn to shame !
- 4 Rise, in thine anger, Lord, arise
Against thy wrathful enemies.
Rise in thy justice, and decree
A righteous award to me.
- 5 So shall th' assembled saints surround
Thy throne on Zion's holy ground ;
For them resume thine awful throne
As judge supreme, Almighty One.
- 6 The Lord is judge ; before his seat
All nations shall submissive meet ;
Then mercifully judge thou me,
Even after mine integrity.

- 7 Lord, let the wicked's malice end,
But bless the righteous and defend.
God sounds the heart and tries the reins,
And judgment righteously ordains.
- 8 The Saviour of th' upright in heart,
Lord, thou my shield and buckler art ;
God will the just approve and own,
But on the wicked rests his frown.
- 9 If he repent not, then the Lord
Will sharpen his avenging sword ;
And fix his shafts upon his bow,
Even flaming shafts to lay him low.
- 10 The mischief-plotting sinner see,
All pregnant with iniquity !
The offspring of his malice still
Is shame and self-requited ill.*
- 11 The pitfall he prepares alone,
For other's grave, becomes his own :
His violence, inspiring dread,
Descends on his own guilty head.
- 12 Then O, my soul, Jehovah bless,
According to his righteousness ;
Yea, joyful anthems I will sing
To God, my holy, heavenly king !

PSALM VIII. S. M.

The glory of God in the works of creation.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, Lord of all,
How glorious is thy name !
Thy glory shines through all the earth,
And in the starry frame.

* See note A, Ps. 7.

- 2 Even by the mouth of babes
Thy strength thou didst ordain
To still the wrath of vengeful foes,
And their fierce rage restrain.
- 3 When I behold the heavens,
Thy work of matchless might,
The moon and stars which thou hast formed
To cheer the gloom of night :
- 4 Then say I, " What is man,
To think of him, O Lord !
Or what the son of man that thou
Shouldst view him with regard ?
- 5 " For next the angel hosts
Thou hast assigned his place ;
And thou hast crowned his honoured head
With majesty and grace."
- 6 Lord over all thy works,
By thy divine decree,
Whatever lives obeys his power,
And owns his sovereignty :
- 7 All sheep and oxen tame,
The beasts that roam the fields,
Birds of the air, and all the tribes
The teeming ocean yields.
- 8 Jehovah, Lord of all,
How glorious is thy name ;
Thy glory shines through all the earth,
And in the starry frame !

PSALM IX.* C. M.

God the deliverer of his people from all their enemies.

- 1 **T**HEE will I praise with all my heart,
O God, thou mighty Lord,
The wonders which thy hands have wrought
I'll gratefully record.
- 2 In thee, Most High, I'll greatly joy,
And celebrate thy name ;
For thou hast vanquished all my foes,
And put their hosts to shame.
- 3 They stumbled underneath thy frown,
They perished at thy sight ;
A righteous Judge enthroned on high,
Thou hast maintained my right.
- 4 The heathen lands thou hast rebuked,
The wicked overthrown,
And their names blotted out, that they
May never more be known.
- 5 O enemy, thy cruel swords
No longer bring dismay ;
Thy cities overthrown, thy name
Has perished now for aye.†
- 6 But God for ever lives and reigns ;
He, on his awful throne,
Shall judge the world in righteousness,
And justice give each one.
- 7 God will a tower of refuge be
To those that are oppressed ;
A refuge sure in troublous times
To all that are distressed.

* See note A, Ps. 9.

† See note B, Ps. 9.

- 8 And they that know thy name, in thee
Their confidence will place ;
For thou hast not forsaken them
That seek thy blessed face.
- 9 O, ye his people, sing ye praise
To Zion's mighty Lord ;
In every nation, every land,
His glorious works record.
- 10 When searching into deeds of blood,
He pities the oppressed,
And with a gracious ear he hears
The cry of the distressed.
- 11 Lord, pity me ; look on the wrongs
I from my foes sustain,
Even thou, who from the gates of death
Upliftest me again ;
- 12 That I in Zion's blessed courts
May celebrate thy praise ;*
And in thy great salvation still
Be joyful all my days.
- 13 Sinners have sunk into the pit
They had themselves prepared ;
And in the net they spread unseen,
Lo ! their own feet are snared !
- 14 The Lord Jehovah is revealed !
Judgment our God hath wrought !
For in the snares themselves had laid,
The sinners' feet are caught !
- 15 Yea, all the race of wicked men
On all the earth that dwell,

* See note C, Ps. 9.

All who forget the living God,
Shall be turned into hell.

- 16 For yet the needy and oppressed
Who suffer grief and pain,
Shall be remembered by the Lord,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 17 Arise, Lord, nor let men prevail;
Judge all the world abroad;
That men may know themselves but dust,
And thee the mighty God.

PSALM X.* S. M.

Description of the wicked, with a prophetic view of the world's entire deliverance from their power in the glorious reign of the Messiah.

- 1 **W**HY standest thou afar?
Why turn thy face away?
Why hidest thou thyself, O Lord,
In this distressful day?
- 2 Relentless, proud and fierce,
The wicked reign secure,
Combining, with malignant arts,
To persecute the poor.†
- 3 Boasting their great success,
And doating on their hoard,
They bless their own prosperity
While they blaspheme the Lord.‡
- 4 A proud, ungodly race,
On God they do not call;
For they have said within their hearts
"There is no God at all."

* See note A, Ps. 10.

† See note B, Ps. 10.

‡ See note C, Ps. 10.

- 5 Crooked are all their ways;
Unmindful of thy wrath,
They treat their enemies with scorn,
And turn not from their path.
- 6 Within their hearts they say,
"Lo! we have grown so great,
Adversity shall never reach
Our prosperous estate."
- 7 Their mouth is ever filled
With cursing, fraud and lies;
Vain is their language, and their hearts
Malicious schemes devise.
- 8 They lurk in secret paths,
On deeds of darkness bent,
To circumvent the helpless poor,
And slay the innocent.
- 9 Like lions in their dens,
They lie from day to day,
To watch the needy and the poor,
And snare them for their prey.
- 10 To meanest arts they stoop,
And crouch even to the dust,
That so their victims may be snared,
And multitudes oppressed.
- 11 And thus they madly say,
"Sure, God forgets it all;
He hides his face and sees it not,
Nor hears the suppliants' call."
- 12 Arise, O mighty God!
O Lord, lift up thine hand;
Forget not thine afflicted ones
In this ungodly land.

- 13 Why should the wicked scorn
Thy justice and thy might ?
Or say, "The Lord will not require,
The Lord will not requite ?"
- 14 Sure, thou hast seen, and shalt
Their cruel wrongs repay ;
To thee the poor commits his cause,
Thou art the orphan's stay.
- 15 Crush thou the wicked's power,
And let their empire cease,
Till men shall search for them in vain
Amid the reign of peace !
- 16 Behold, this reign begins !
The Lord is king for aye !
And all the wicked from his land
Have melted quite away !
- 17 Lord, thou hast surely heard
The humble's lowly prayer ;
Thou wilt prepare their hearts to pray,
And bend thine ear to hear ;
- 18 Th' afflicted to relieve,
The orphan race to bless ;
That earth-born and ungodly men
May never more oppress.

PSALM XI. C. M.

Confidence in God amid the machinations of the wicked.

- 1 **I**N God alone I put my trust ;
How is it then ye say,
"Flee as a bird to some high hill
Or mountain far away ?"
- 2 For, lo ! the wicked bend their bow,
And take their deadly aim

At all the righteous in the land
Who fear Jehovah's name.

- 3 And if confusion and misrule
Prevail on every hand,
What can the righteous do but flee
From an unhappy land !”
- 4 God in his holy mansion dwells ;
Heaven is his lofty throne ;
There he beholds and knows full well
Whatever men have done.
- 5 These dark events are only meant
His saints on earth to try ;
For violent and wicked men
He hates, and will destroy.
- 6 Snares, fire and brimstone, furious storms
On sinners he shall rain ;
This is the portion of their cup,
Even everlasting pain.
- 7 For God is righteous, and delights
In righteousness alone ;
He ever bends a gracious eye
On each pure-hearted one.

PSALM XII. C. M.

*God's preservation of the righteous, notwithstanding the
prevalence of ungodliness.*

- 1 **H**ELP us, O God ! for godly men
Grow fewer every day,
And from amongst the sons of men
The faithful fade away.
- 2 Vain and unprofitable talk
Delights both old and young ;

Deceit is ever in their heart,
And flattery on their tongue.

- 3 God shall destroy the flattering race
Who proudly thus declaim,
“Our tongues are ours; we know no lord,
And own no master’s name.”

- 4 “Now,” saith the Lord, “I will arise
To succour the oppressed,
To wipe the godly’s tears away,
And give them peace and rest.”

- 5 How precious are thy words, O God!
More comfort they inspire,
Than heaps of silver purified
In the refiner’s fire.*

- 6 Lord, thou shalt safely keep thy saints
From this ungodly race;
Though sinners swarm, and vilest men
Hold an exalted place.

PSALM XIII. S. M.

Prayer for a time of mental despondency.

- 1 **L**ORD, wilt thou still forget,
Nor show thy blessed face?
Lord, wilt thou leave my soul for aye
To darkness and distress?
- 2 Oh, shall I still be left
In bitterness to mourn,
And my fierce enemy exult
While I am all forlorn?
- 3 O Lord, my God, give ear,
And let thy light divine,

* See note A, Ps. 12.

Ere I have slept the sleep of death,
 Cheer this sad soul of mine !

4 Lest my malignant foe
 Say, " Lo ! I have prevailed !"
 And those that trouble me rejoice
 When all my hope has failed !

5 Lord, in thy grace I trust ;
 To thee I lift my voice,
 For in thy great salvation, Lord,
 My heart shall still rejoice.

6 Yea, I will bless the Lord,
 And celebrate his praise ;
 For he has made me feel his love,
 And know his saving grace.

PSALM XIV. C. M.

The universal depravity of man.

- 1 " **T**HERE is no God at all," the fool
 Thinks in his heart and says,—
 A corrupt race, their works are vile,
 And hateful are their ways.
- 2 The Lord looked down from Heaven to view
 Mankind the world abroad,
 To see if even one were good,
 And sought the living God.
- 3 But the whole race of men were vile ;
 Astray they all had gone ;
 And not one righteous man was found
 In the wide world—not one !
- 4 Shall not God mark those wicked men,
 Who greedily devour

His people as their daily food,
Nor fear his mighty power !

- 5 Yea, they shall fear Him ; for God loves
And dwells among the just,
For though they scorn his people's hope,
Jehovah is their trust.
- 6 O that from Zion's holy hill
Salvation soon might come
To Israel's race—that God would bring
His captive people home !
- 7 Then should his saints in gladsome strains
Sound the loud anthem high ;
O, Jacob, thou would'st triumph then,
And Israel shout for joy !

PSALM XV. C. M.

The citizen of Zion described.

- 1 **W**HO shall abide within the place
Where thou abidest, God of grace ?
And who shall have his dwelling still
On Zion's high and holy hill ?
- 2 The man whose conduct is upright ;
Whose actions ever just and right ;
Who speaks the language of his heart,
And scorns to act the liar's part.
- 3 Who never slanders with his tongue,
Nor does his neighbour wilful wrong ;
Who neither frames an ill report,
Nor spreads it to his neighbour's hurt.
- 4 Who with abhorrence would behold
The vile man tho' bedecked with gold,

- But honours men of piety,
Although of mean and low degree.
- 5 Who, when he promises or swears,
Performs, whatever loss he bears;
And ne'er receives usurious gain,
Or bribe to give the guiltless pain.
- 6 Such is the man whose firm abode
Shall ever be with Jacob's God;
Yea, he shall have his dwelling still
On Zion's high and holy hill.

PSALM XVI.* C. M.

The sufferings and glory of Christ.

- 1 "PRESERVE me, Thou Eternal Lord,
I cast me on thy care :"
To God I thus addressed the word
Of supplicating prayer.
- 2 O God, Thou High and Holy One,
Thou source of lasting peace,
On thy benignity alone
Rests all my happiness.
- 3 For all the gods the sons of men
With blinded zeal adore,
And worship with oblations vain,
I utterly abhor.
- 4 Though many an eager worshipper
Their fancied power proclaims,
Their bloody rites I will not share,
Nor call upon their names.

* See Note A, Ps. 16.

- 5 Jehovah is my portion sure,
My cup of chiefest joy,
He keeps my heritage secure
From all who would destroy.
- 6 Surely where streams of pleasure join,
My happy lot is cast !
A goodly heritage is mine,
That ne'er can be surpassed.
- 7 O, I will ever bless the Lord,
Whose counsel guides my way ;
For in the night my reins afford
Instruction for the day.
- 8 I set the Lord before my face ;
Nought shall my soul annoy ;
His blessed presence and his grace
Ensure my peace and joy.
- 9 Therefore I'll bear my spirit up,
In sorrow's deepest gloom :
My flesh shall also rest in hope,
Even in the silent tomb.
- 10 For sure thou wilt not leave my soul
In the dark grave for aye ;
Nor give thine Holy One to foul
Corruption and decay.
- 11 Thou wilt me raise to life divine ;
And in the heavenly land
Joy everlasting shall be mine,
Lord, at thine own right hand.

PSALM XVII. C. M.

*The future happiness of the righteous contrasted with
the worldly prosperity of the wicked.*

- 1 **L**ORD, vindicate my righteous cause,
And lend a gracious ear
Unto my cry; be pleased to hear
My undissembled prayer:
- 2 And grant me from thy heavenly courts
A merciful award;
Yea, let thine own all-seeing eye
Discern the right, O Lord.
- 3 Lord, thou hast searched and tried my heart,
But no deceit hast found,
Though thou hast tried me in the night
When darkness reigned around.
- 4 Whate'er the sons of men may do,
My tongue shall not transgress;
Thy word shall keep me from the works
And ways of wickedness.
- 5 Uphold me in thy paths, O God,
Nor suffer me to fall;
Incline thine ear, as thou art wont,
And hear me when I call.
- 6 Thy wondrous mercies, Lord, display,
Thou, whose Almighty power
Preserves all those who trust in thee
In every evil hour.
- 7 Even as the apple of thine eye
Keep me, O King of kings;
Hide me from all my foes beneath
The shadow of thy wings.

- 8 For wicked men their deadly hate
Display on every side,
Men who are swelled with luxury,
Whose words are full of pride.
- 9 With watchful malice they beset
My steps where'er I go;
They follow me with artful guile
To work my overthrow.*
- 10 Even as a hungry lion lurks
To spring upon his prey,
Or a young lion crouching down
In secret by the way.
- 11 Arise and disappoint their hopes;
Humble their pride, O Lord;
And rescue me from wicked men
With thine avenging sword.†
- 12 Save me, O God, from worldly men,
To whom thine hand has given
The portion of their choice on earth,
Without one thought of heaven.
- 13 Thou fillest them with treasures here,
Even all their hearts love best:
Their children have abundance too,
And leave their heirs the rest.‡
- 14 But mine's a happier lot by far,
For I shall see thy face,
And stand before thee, O my God,
In perfect righteousness.
- 15 Yea, when uprising from the grave,
I see thy glory bright,

* See note A, Ps. 17.

† See note B, Ps. 17.

‡ See note C, Ps. 17.

O, I shall evermore enjoy
Unspeakable delight.

PSALM XVIII. P. M.

*A Triumphal Ode, descriptive of the victories of David,
and prophetic of the triumphs of Christ.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my strength, my grateful heart
Will love thee till my dying day;
My Fortress and my Rock, Thou art,
My strong Deliverer and my Stay;
My God, my Shield, my lofty Tower,
My Saviour in my evil hour!
- 2 O I will call upon the Lord,
To whom alone be endless praise;
So shall his mighty arm afford
Salvation from my enemies.
O I will ever gladly sing
The praises of my God and king.
- 3 Death and his terrors stood around!
Fearful I saw the rising wave
Of wicked men! Already bound
In the firm fetters of the grave,
My soul had almost sunk beneath
The overpowering shafts of death.*
- 4 Then, in my great extremity,
I called upon the Lord alone;
Yea, O my God, I cried to thee,
When other helpers there were none.
He, from his temple, heard my voice,
And listened to my mournful cries.

* See note A, Ps. 18.

- 5 Then the earth shook and quaked for fear :
The mountains trembled to their base,
And, firm though their foundations were,
Started in terror from their place :
For God was wroth, and his right arm
Uplifted, caused the dread alarm.
- 6 Dense volumes of sulphureous smoke
He breathed around him ; fiery flame
Out from his mouth incessant broke,
Devouring wheresoe'er it came.*
He bowed the arch of heaven on high,
When He descended from the sky.
- 7 Thick darkness was beneath his feet :
On flaming cherubim he rode ;
And on the whirlwind's wings so fleet,
Flew all athwart the world abroad.
Thick clouds and darkness most profound,
Tent-like, pavilioned him around.
- 8 But at the brightness of his face
The clouds dissolved in hail and fire :
God thundered in his heavenly place,
The Highest spake in hottest ire :
He shot his shafts and routed them
With lightnings, hail and fiery flame.
- 9 The ocean then forsook its bed,
And all its billows rolled away :
Then were the earth's foundations laid
All open to the gaze of day :
At thy rebuke the floods fled fast,
Lord, at thy nostrils' fiery blast !†

* See note B, Ps. 18.

† See note C, Ps. 18.

- 10 From heaven above the Lord sent down
And drew me from the raging flood;
From powerful foes, whose wrathful frown
And power I ne'er had else withstood:
They had o'erwhelmed me utterly,
But God, my succour, then was nigh.
- 11 'Twas He alone who set me free,
And brought me to a spacious place,
For he had set his love on me.
According to my righteousness
And mine integrity, the Lord
Has blessed me with a rich reward.
- 12 For I have kept his holy ways,
Nor in the sinner's footsteps trod:
His judgments were before my face,
Nor have I scorned the laws of God.
I ever lived, as in his sight,
In action pure, in heart upright.
- 13 For this, the all-discerning Lord,
To whom be everlasting praise,
Has granted me a rich reward,
According to my righteousness:
Because he saw my hands were clean,
Yea, and my heart sincere within.
- 14 For God is ever kind to those
Who bear a kind and tender heart;
And his uprightness daily shows
To those who act an upright part;
Pure to the pure, his furious wrath
Pursues the perverse in their path.
- 15 For thou th' afflicted wilt advance,
And to eternal glory raise;

But all the proud and lofty ones,
O thou wilt mightily abase :
Yea, thou hast made my lamp burn bright,
And turned my darkness into light.

- 16 With thine assistance I have run
Through thickest foes, nor suffered thrall ;
Yea, strengthened by my God alone,
I've safely scaled the highest wall :
Nor sword nor spear could do me harm,
When shielded by Jehovah's arm.

- 17 O God, all-perfect are thy ways ;
Thy words are pure, and tried, and true ;
To all that trust thy heavenly grace,
A buckler of defence art thou.
Who is a God but thou, O Lord ?
Who else salvation can afford ?

- 18 'Tis God who girds my armour on,
And crowns my efforts with success ;
Like the swift hind he makes me run,
And sets me on a lofty place :
He gives me strength to meet my foe,
And bend the stoutest iron bow.*

- 19 Yea, thou hast given me the shield
Of thy salvation for defence ;
And I am evermore upheld,
O God, by thine Omnipotence :
Thy loving-kindness made me great,†
And firmly fixed my royal state.

- 20 Yea, I pursued my enemies,
And quickly seized them and destroyed ;
I wounded them, nor could they rise ;
Low at my feet they fell and died.

* See note D, Ps. 18.

† See note E, Ps. 18.

- For thou didst arm me for the fight,
And vanquish all these men of might.
- 21 And thou hast struck fear and dismay
 Into the hearts of all my foes ;
And overthrown the thick array
 Of those who hate me and oppose.
They cried, but there was none to save ;
To God, but God no answer gave.
- 22 Then did I beat them small as dust,
 Which the wind scattereth abroad ;
And their unburied bodies cast,
 Like heaps of dirt, upon the road.
Yea, thou hast Israel's strife allayed,
And I am now the heathen's head.
- 23 And people, yet unknown, shall bring
 Their offerings, when my name they hear ;
And foreign nations own me king,
 And yield submission, far and near.
The hostile tribes shall fade away,
Or bow to my resistless sway.
- 24 The Lord, my rock, for ever lives ;
 O blessed be his name for aye !
Exalted be the God who gives
 Salvation in my evil day !
'Tis He who vindicates my cause,
And bends the nations to my laws.
- 25 Lord, thou art my deliverer :
 Yea, thou exaltest me on high ;
When foes assaulted, thou wert near,
 To save me from my enemy.
Among the heathen I'll proclaim
My gratitude, and praise thy name.

- 26 God to his king deliverance shows,
 Firmly 'establishing his throne ;
 His loving-kindness he bestows
 On David, his anointed one :
 And David's seed, his chosen race,
 Shall ever prove his saving grace.

PSALM XIX. * L. M.

*The glory of God displayed in the works of nature,
 and the infinitely superior excellence of the Holy
 Scriptures, as a revelation of his character and
 will.*

- 1 **T**HE starry heavens above proclaim
 The glories of their Maker's name ;
 The shining firmament declares
 His works to all the universe.
- 2 Day after day proclaims abroad
 The wisdom and the power of God ;
 Night after night repeats the sound,
 And spreads th' intelligence around.
- 3 No voice is heard amid their train ;
 They speak not with the speech of men ;
 But their mute eloquence extends
 Far as the earth's remotest ends.
- 4 High in the lofty firmament,
 He, for the sun, hath reared a tent ;
 Who, with a bridegroom's joyous face,
 Like hero, gladly runs his race.*
- 5 He rises in the farthest east,
 And travels to the farthest west ;

* See note A, Ps. 19.

Around the heavens his chariot's whirled,
To lighten and to warm the world.*

- 6 The law of God revealed to men,
Is perfect and converts from sin :
His word is sure, and ne'er deceives,
But wisdom to the simple gives.
- 7 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And fill the heart with great delight :
And the pure precepts of his word,
Enlightening to the eyes afford.
- 8 The fear of God unfeigned is pure,
And shall through endless years endure :
The judgments of the Lord express
His truth and perfect righteousness.
- 9 More precious they than heaps untold
Of gold, yea, of the finest gold ;
Far sweeter to the taste they are
Than virgin-honey—sweeter far !†
- 10 Counsel and warning too they give,‡
To teach thy servant how to live ;
And all who keep them from the Lord,
Shall surely have a great reward.
- 11 O who can tell how oft he sins !
From hidden sins do thou me cleanse !
From wilful sin, O Lord, restrain,
Nor let it o'er thy servant reign !§
- 12 So shall I in uprightness stand,
In yonder blest and holy land :

* See note B, Ps. 19.

‡ See note D, Ps. 19.

† See note C, Ps. 19.

§ See note E, Ps. 19.

Yea, justified, O Lord, by thee,
From all my great iniquity.*

- 13 Lend, O my God, a gracious ear,
To these my words of humble prayer !
Yea, hear the language of my heart,
For thou my strength and Saviour art !†

PSALM XX. S. M.

*A prayer for those who are engaged in a really just
and necessary war.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH hear thy prayer,
In thy distressful day ;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Be thy defence and stay !
- 2 O let him send thee help,
From his own holy place ;
And strengthen thee from Zion's hill,
With his reviving grace !
- 3 Thy sacrifice and gifts,
O may he bear in mind ;
Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
Whate'er thy thoughts designed !
- 4 Of thy salvation we
Will sing with glad accord ;
And we will raise our standard in
Thy name, Almighty Lord.
- 5 The Lord hear all thy prayers !
I know the Lord will hear,
And save his own anointed king
When mightiest foes are near.

* See note F, Ps. 19.

† See note G, Ps. 19.

- 6 From heaven the Lord will hear,
And rescue him from harm,
And for his safety and defence
Uplift his mighty arm.
- 7 Some trust in chariots, some
In horses trained to war;
Our trust is in the Lord our God—
A nobler trust by far.
- 8 For in the field of strife
Their mightiest ones shall fall;
But we shall rise and stand erect,
And overcome them all.
- 9 Jehovah save the king!
And in this evil day,
O hear thy people when they call,
And answer when they pray.

PSALM XXI. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE king shall joyfully extol
Thy wondrous power, O God of might!
Thy saving grace shall fill his soul
With inexpressible delight.
- 2 Granting his every prayer, thou hast,
With blessings rich and manifold,
Anticipated each request,
And crowned him with a crown of gold.
- 3 Yea, when he asked for life, thy grace
The boon bestowed most bounteously,
And granted him a length of days
Enduring as eternity.
- 4 And thou his glory hast advanced,
Through that salvation wrought by thee;

And thou hast mightily enhanced
His honour and his majesty.

- 5 Blessed with thy presence and thy love,
His happiness no end shall know ;
For, trusting in the Lord above,
He ne'er shall fear an earthly foe.
- 6 Thine hand shall reach thy fiercest foes ;
And, doomed to perish by thy power,
As when a fiery furnace glows,
Thy wrath shall burn them and devour.
- 7 Yea, thou shalt utterly efface
Their offspring from the realms of day ;
For, by thy wrath consumed, the race
That hate thee, soon shall melt away.
- 8 Because they formed a wicked plot
Against thee, (though their schemes were vain,)
Soon shall thy direful shafts be shot,
And ruin seize their guilty train.
- 9 Be thou exalted thus, O Lord,
Our mighty king, our sure defence !
So shall we sing, with glad accord,
The praise of thine omnipotence.

PSALM XXII. L. M. & P. M.

- 1 **MY** God ! my God ! I cry to thee ;
Oh why hast thou forsaken me ?
Why hidest thou thyself on high,
Nor listenest to my doleful cry ?
- 2 I call upon thee all the day,
But still thine ear is turned away ;
I call upon thee all the night,
O God, until the morning light !

- 3 But thou art holy; and thy throne
Eternal stands, thou holy one!
Holy and just are all thy ways,
O thou, the God of Israel's praise!
- 4 Our fathers put their trust in thee,
When in their great perplexity;
When overwhelmed with doubt and fear,
They cried to thee, and thou didst hear.
- 5 But I—a helpless worm—am left,
Of all kind sympathy bereft,
Reproached, despised of men, forlorn,
The mocker's jest, the people's scorn.
- 6 "He trusted in the Lord," (they cry,
In mockery of my misery,)
"Then let the Lord, from heaven above,
Rescue the object of his love."
- 7 But thou art he who, from the gloom
And darkness of my mother's womb,
Brought me forth safe, and made me blest
With hope's bright visions on the breast.
- 8 Yea, I was cast—a helpless load—
Even from my birth, on thee, my God;
Forsake me not when trouble's near,
And there is no deliverer.
- 9 Strong bulls, of Bashan's fiercest breed,
Beset my path, where'er I tread;
They gape upon me night and day,
Like lions roaring for their prey.
- 10 Like water, spilt upon the ground,
My blood flows forth from many a wound,
And every bone incessant aches,
My heart within me melts like wax.

- 11 Like potsherd lying on the road,
So dried up is my frame, O God !
My tongue cleaves to my jaws ; my breath
Fails me as in the throes of death.
- 12 For dogs surround me and beset ;
The wicked catch me in their net ;
With deadly malice fired, they meet,
And pierce my very hands and feet.
- 13 My flesh consumed with grief and pain,
My bones stare through my shrivelled skin ;
They share my clothes, and for my coat
They impiously cast the lot.
- 14 But do not thou forsake me, Lord !
Be my deliverer from the sword ;
Rescue me from the dog's fierce jaws,
And from the ravening lion's paws.
- 15 Yea, in my dark and evil hour,
O shield me from the wicked's power ;
Hear me, and rescue from the horns
Even of the untamed unicorns.
- 16 So shall I to thy saints declare
How great thy grace and glory are,
And in the full assembly raise
This anthem of sincerest praise.

PART II.

- 17 Praise the Lord, all ye that fear him ;
Praise him, Jacob's chosen race ;
Israel's sons, that still are near him,
Reverence, while ye seek his face.
- 18 To the sorrows of th' afflicted
He hath lent a willing ear ;

- Neither hath he e'er rejected
Any humble suppliant's prayer.
- 19 Therefore, in the congregation,
I will praise thee all the day,
And before the generation
Of thy saints my vows I'll pay.
- 20 All the meek shall eat before thee,
And be filled abundantly ;
Gladly shall thy saints adore thee ;
" Live, ye saints, eternally."
- 21 All the earth's remotest nations
Grateful to the Lord shall bow ;
All their tribes and generations
Shall a willing homage do.
- 22 For the kingdom appertaineth
To the Lord our God alone ;
Over all the earth he reigneth ;
Firm and steadfast is his throne.
- 23 Rich and poor shall all adore him ;
They who share the large supply
Earth provides, shall bow before him ;
They who pine in poverty.
- 24 Each succeeding generation
Joyfully shall serve the Lord ;
Every age and every nation
Their glad homage shall afford.
- 25 Each successively declaring
To the next succeeding race,
All his acts, his truth unerring,
And this wonder of his grace.

PSALM XXIII.* P. M.

(Paraphrased.)

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my shepherd : his bounty provides
 Whatever is needful, whatever is best.
 Where the pastures are green and the stream softly
 glides,
 He leads me, and feeds me, and makes me to rest.
- 2 In sickness he heals me ; when buried in sin,
 He guides to the paths of uprightness and peace,
 And makes them my choice and my pursuit again,
 By the might of his power, to the praise of his
 grace.
- 3 I will traverse the vale of the shadow of death,
 Nor fear any evil, nor ever despair ;
 For thou wilt uphold me in that gloomy path,
 Thy rod and thy staff, they shall comfort me
 there.
- 4 Thy bounty affords me my daily supply,
 In the presence of wrathful and merciless foes ;
 My head thou anointest with gladness and joy,
 And with blessings unnumbered my cup over-
 flows.
- 5 O surely thy goodness and mercy and love
 Shall follow me still till my life's latest day ;
 And thy glorious temple, in Zion above,
 O God, be my blest habitation for aye.

* The old metrical version of this psalm is so exceedingly beautiful, that I have not attempted a translation of it, properly so called.

PSALM XXIV. S. M.

- 1 **T**O God the earth belongs ;
His are the land and sea,
With all their tribes and all their tongues,
A countless progeny..
- 2 For his Almighty hand
Fixed it upon the flood ;
And steadfast, at his high command,
The wondrous fabric stood.
- 3 Who shall ascend the place
Where God Almighty dwells ?
Or who shall stand, of mortal race,
On Zion's holy hills ?
- 4 The man whose hands are clean,
The man whose heart is pure,
Whose soul abhors deceit and sin,
Whose word and oath are sure.
- 5 Him will the Lord approve ;
Him will the Saviour bless
With the choice tokens of his love,
The riches of his grace.
- 6 This is the chosen race
Who tread the heavenly road,
And with acceptance seek thy face,
O Jacob's mighty God !
- 7 Fly open, O ye gates !
Ye everlasting doors,
Open ! the king of glory waits
To tread the heavenly floors.
- 8 Who is this glorious king ?
And whence his lofty fame ?

'Th' omnipotent, th' all-conquering
Jehovah is his name.

- 9 Fly open ! O ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors,
Open ! the king of glory waits
To tread the heavenly floors,
- 10 Who is this glorious king ?
It is the Lord most high ;
His glory let all creatures sing,
On earth or in the sky.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

- X 1 **T**O thee I lift my soul ;
O Lord, I trust in thee ;
O let me not be put to shame
Before my enemy.
- 2 Let none be put to shame
That put their trust in thee ;
But let confusion fall on all
That sin presumptuously.
- 3 Show me thy paths, O Lord,
Teach me thy blessed ways ;
Instruct and lead me in thy truth,
Through thine abounding grace.
- 4 For thou my Saviour art,
And thou wilt help afford ;
Therefore with patience will I wait
All day upon the Lord.
- 5 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
For thou hast been from endless years
All merciful and kind.

- 6 My sins and faults of youth
Do thou, O Lord, forget ;
And in thy mercy think on me,
And in thy goodness great.
- 7 The Lord is just and good ;
Wand'ers his ways shall know ;
The humble he will rightly guide,
And his procedure show.
- 8 Mercy and truth, O Lord,
Distinguish all thy ways,
To those that keep thy covenant,
And trust thy promises.
- 9 Lord, for thine own name's sake,
I humbly thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity,
For it is very great.
- 10 The man that fears the Lord,
Him will Jehovah show
The fittest path for him to choose
Through all his life below.
- 11 Peaceful shall be his life
From youth to latest age ;
His offspring shall possess the land
As their rich heritage.
- 12 To them that fear the Lord
His mysteries he will show,
And they his covenant of peace
Increasingly shall know.
- 13 Mine eyes are ever turned,
O Lord, my God, to thee ;
For surely from the tempter's snares
Thou wilt deliver me.

- 14 O turn thy face to me,
In mercy, Lord, return ;
For I am compassed round with woes,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 15 My troubles are increased,
My heart consumes with grief :
O Lord, let thine almighty hand
Benignly bring relief.
- 16 Look on my deep distress,
And my consuming pains ;
And let thy mercy interpose
To pardon all my sins.
- 17 Consider, Lord, how strong
And numerous are my foes,
And with what deadly enmity
They hate me and oppose.
- 18 O, save me from their power,
Nor put my soul to shame ;
For I confide in thee ; my hope
Is in thy holy name.
- 19 Preserve me, O my God,
For still I wait on thee ;
Thou know'st th' uprightness of my heart,
And mine integrity.
- 20 Nor let my soul alone
Be thy peculiar care,
But let all Israel be redeemed,
And thy salvation share.

PSALM XXVI. L. M.

- ¹ **B**E thou my judge, O Lord, for I
Have walked in mine integrity ;

- On thee, O Lord, have I relied,
Therefore my footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 Search me and try my inward part,
My understanding and my heart;
For sure thy grace and truth have been
My study and my guard from sin.
- 3 With guileful men I would not sit,
Nor with the artful hypocrite:
I hate the converse of profane
And wicked and malicious men.
- 4 My hands I will devoutly cleanse
In unpolluted innocence;
So shall I to thine altar go,
Thy praise to sing, thy grace to show.
- 5 O I do love the house right well
In which thou deignest, Lord, to dwell;
The holy place where thy divine
And uncreated glories shine.*
- 6 Assign me not my place, O God,
With wicked men and men of blood;
Whose hearts and actions are replete
With mischief, bribery, and deceit.
- 7 For I will walk in righteousness;
O grant me thy redeeming grace.
Henceforth, established by thy power,
I'll bless the Lord for evermore.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my Saviour and my light,
Why should I be afraid?

* Green.

- The Lord's my guardian, why should I
A feeble mortal dread ?
- 2 When my relentless enemies
(Ungodly persons all)
Assemble to devour me quite,
They stumble and they fall.
- 3 Should hostile armies camp around,
I will not be afraid ;
Should battle rage around me, then
I'll trust Jehovah's aid.
- 4 This only would I ask of God,
And earnestly implore,
That I might have my fixed abode
In God's house evermore.
- 5 There to behold, with raptured eyes,
Jehovah's gracious face,
And there to learn his blessed will
Within his holy place.*
- 6 For he shall hide me in his tent
In dark and evil days ;
Yea, he shall hide me safely there,
And on a rock me raise.
- 7 So shall I be exalted high
Above my foes around,
And praise the Lord with shouts of joy
Until his courts resound.
- 8 Lord, hear me when I lift my voice
In sorrowful complaints ;
And lend a gracious ear to me,
Thou glorious king of saints.

- 9 When thou hast said, "Seek ye my face,"
 'To Israel's favoured race,
Right gladly did my soul reply,
 "Lord, I will seek thy face."
- 10 Hide not thy face from me, O God,
 Nor turn in wrath away:
Full often hast thou been my help
 In my distressful day.
- 11 Then leave me not, I pray thee, now,
 All desolate to mourn;
My God, my Saviour, leave me not
 Forsaken and forlorn.
- 12 Yea, though my friends should all forsake,
 And both my parents dear,
God would uphold me, and his grace
 My downcast spirit cheer.
- 13 Teach me thy ways, O Lord, and guide
 My wand'ring steps aright,
Because of enemies whom my fall
 Or stumbling would delight.
- 14 Give me not over to their power,
 Nor to their heart's desire;
For false malignant witnesses
 Against my soul conspire.
- 15 But still I hope and trust, O God,
 That I shall taste and see
Thy goodness in the blissful land
 Of immortality.*
- 16 Wait on the Lord; quit you like men;
 And he will strength afford,

* Boothroyd, Septuagint, Chaldee paraphrase.

Sufficient for your time of need :
Wait ye upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, my Rock, to thee I cry ;
Hear, and in mercy save ;
Else I shall speedily be like
The tenants of the grave.
- 2 Yea, when I cry to thee, O Lord,
My supplications hear ;
When to thy mercy-seat I lift
My hands in earnest prayer.
- 3 Preserve me from the wicked's doom
And from their evil arts ;
For peace is ever on their tongue,
But mischief in their hearts.
- 4 But thou wilt recompense their deeds,
And righteously repay
Their malice and their wicked works
In the great judgment day.
- 5 God shall destroy and not upbuild
Those who will not regard,
Nor seek to understand the works
And dealings of the Lord.
- 6 But blessed be the Lord, for he
Hath listened to my voice ;
Jehovah is my strength and shield ;
On him my soul relies.
- 7 I trusted in the Lord and found
Help in my evil days :
Therefore my heart exults with joy.
And I will sing his praise.

- 8 Let Israel in the Lord rejoice ;
 Their strength is God alone ;
 He is the safety and the strength
 Of his anointed one.
- 9 O, save thy people, God of might,
 And bless thine heritage ;
 Feed and uphold them, and exalt
 Through each succeeding age.

PSALM XXIX. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E princes and kings, with joyful accord,
 All glory and might ascribe to the Lord ;
 And while the loud anthem ye rightfully raise,
 Be comely and holy the voice of your praise.
- 2 God's voice on the sea is powerful and strong ;
 Majestic it swells the billows along.
 The voice of Jehovah in thunder forth breaks ;
 He sits on the deep and its echoes awakes.
- 3 The voice of the Lord uproots and upbreaks
 The cedars that grow on Lebanon's peaks ;
 Yea, God makes Libanus and Sirion, uptorn,
 To leap like a calf or a young unicorn.
- 4 The lightnings of heaven are scattered abroad
 And flash at the voice of Israel's God ;
 When God speaks in anger the wilderness shakes,
 The desert of Kadesh all fearfully quakes.
- 5 The forests are stript ; the oaks in the wood,
 Laid prostrate, attest the voice of our God.
 Meanwhile in his temple his people record
 With gladness the glory and might of the Lord.*

* Bp. Horsley and Lowth.

- 6 God sits on the flood ; his kingdom shall never
 Be shaken for aye : he reigneth forever.
 Jehovah will strengthen his people, and bless
 The seed of his saints with unchangeable peace.

PSALM XXX. 7s.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thee, O Lord, my God,
 Shall my grateful tongue employ ;
 Thou hast raised me up from death,
 Nor hast filled my foes with joy.
- 2 O my God, I cried to thee ;
 Thou didst heal me, thou didst save :
 Yea, thou hast my fainting frame
 Rescued from the opening grave.
- 3 Sing unto the Lord, our God,
 Ye, his saints, that know his grace,
 And with grateful hearts record
 His unspotted holiness.
- 4 One short moment lasts his wrath,
 But his love through life extends ;
 Grief may cloud the night ; the morn
 Brings a joy that never ends.
- 5 In my prosperous state I said,
 " Change or grief I ne'er shall know ;"
 For thy favour made me strong,
 Nor had sickness brought me low.*
- 6 But when thou didst hide thy face
 All was trouble, sorrow, care ;
 Then I cried, O Lord, to thee,
 And to God addressed my prayer.

* Houbigant.

- 7 "What avails my blood to thee,
If I sink in death, O Lord?
Shall the grave proclaim thy praise,
Or thy faithfulness record.
- 8 Hear me, O Jehovah, hear!
And in thy great mercy save;
Thou alone canst send relief,
Save me from the opening grave!"
- 9 Then to gladness was my grief
Turned by thee, O God, most high,
And my garb of sorrow changed
Into robes of lively joy.
- 10 Therefore shall it ever be
My chief glory still to sing
Grateful praise for aye to thee,
O my saviour and my king!

PSALM XXXI. S. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, I trust in thee;
From sorrow and from shame
Preserve me in thy righteousness,
For holy is thy name.
- 2 In mercy hear my prayer
And succour me with speed:
Be thou my strong rock and defence
In this my utmost need.
- 3 Thou art my rock and fort;
O, then, when ills betide,
Conduct me gently by thy grace
And mercifully guide.
- 4 Thou only art my strength:
Rescue me from the net

The wicked have with secret art
Malevolently set.

- 5 Jehovah, God of truth,
Redeemed by thee alone,
To thee my spirit I commit,
Thou high and holy one !
- 6 Those that on idols place
Their hope and their regard
Thou hatest ; but my hope and trust
Are ever in the Lord.*
- 7 Greatly will I rejoice
In thine abounding grace ;
For thou hast kindly thought on me
In mine adversities ;
- 8 Nor suffered me to fall,
A victim to my foes ;
But given me life and liberty,
Despite all that oppose.
- 9 Be gracious, Lord, to me,
For I am in distress ;
Mine eye with fretting wastes, and griefs
My sinking frame oppress.
- 10 My days and years are spent
In sorrow and in groans ;
My suffering wears my strength away
And wastes my very bones.†
- 11 Reproached by all my foes,
Viewed by my friends with dread,
As soon as they have seen my face
Afar off, they have fled.

* Lowth.

† Green.

- 12 Like one long dead am I,
By all the world forgot ;
Or like a potsherd in the mire,
Not worth a passing thought.
- 13 Yea, I have heard the threats
Of men of power and might,
While in dark plots against my life
They secretly unite.*
- 14 But, Lord, I hope in thee,
For thou my Saviour art ;
Yea, when I said " thou art my God,"
The thought revived my heart.
- 15 My state in life and death
Is wholly in thy hand ;
Save me from all my enemies,
And their fierce rage withstand.
- 16 Shine on me with the light
Of thy benignant face,
And grant me thy salvation's joys
Through thine abounding grace.
- 17 Thy suppliant, Lord, from shame
In thy great mercy save ;
But let the wicked be ashamed
And silent in the grave.
- 18 Let proud and scornful liars,
That spread foul calumnies
Against the just, be overwhelmed
In silence and disgrace.
- 19 How passing rich the joys
Thou for thy saints hast stored !

* Boothroyd.

What great things thou hast done for them
On earth, Almighty Lord !

- 20 Thy presence, like a tent,
Shall wrap them round and hide ;
Under its covert they shall dwell
Secure from strife and pride.
- 21 O blessed be the Lord
For his transcendant grace,
Vouchsafed to me, as in a strong
And well-defended place.
- 22 For though in fear I said
" I am cut off from thee ;"
Still thou didst hear my humble prayer
And didst deliver me.
- 23 O love the Lord ; all ye,
His saints, love ye the Lord :
The Lord upholds his saints, but gives
The proud their full reward.
- 24 Courage ! all ye that place
Reliance in the Lord ;
For He will cheer your drooping hearts,
And victory afford.

PSALM XXXII. 7s.

- 1 **B**LEST is he in earth or heaven,
Henceforth and for evermore,
Whose transgression is forgiven,
And whose sin is covered o'er.
- 2 Blest is he to whom the Lord
Charges not iniquity ;
Who in spirit and in word
Cherishes sincerity.

- 3 While I sinned nor owned my sin,*
All my strength consumed away,
Through my sorrow and my pain,
And my crying all the day.
- 4 For all heavily thy hand
Pressed upon me day and night,
'Till my parched frame seemed like land
Wasted by the summer's blight.
- 5 Then acknowledged I my sin,
And confessed it all to Thee—
All that I had done and been—
Hiding no iniquity.
- 6 "To the Lord and not to men,
I'll confess my sins," said I;
Freely didst thou pardon then
All my great iniquity.
- 7 Therefore shall thy people pray
Unto thee when ills surround;
In that acceptable day
Shall thy favour still be found.†
- 8 Surely when the raging flood
Overwhelms a sinful race,
They shall stand secure; for God
Is their rock and hiding place.
- 9 O thou art my hiding place!
Be my enemies e'er so strong;
Thou, in my distressful days,
Mak'st me hear this gladdening song.
- 10 "I will thine instructor be,
And thy path of duty show;

* Green.

† Boothroyd.

I will keep mine eye on thee,
All the way that thou shalt go.*

- 11 Be not like the horse or mule,
When thy path of duty's plain;
Perverse, like the senseless fool,
Governed but by curb and rein."
- 12 Endless sorrows shall abound
To the sinful hardened race;
Mercy shall encompass round
All who trust Jehovah's grace.
- 13 Triumph therefore in the Lord,
O ye righteous, and rejoice;
Shout, and let your hearts accord
With your loud triumphant voice.

PSALM XXXIII. 7s.

- 1 **J**OYFUL to your heavenly king,
O ye saints, your anthems raise;
For 'tis sweet for saints to sing
Their Almighty Maker's praise.
- 2 Sing a new song to the Lord;
Let sweet music wake your joys;
Let the harp and lute accord
With the praises of your voice.
- 3 For Jehovah's word is right,
All his acts are faithful found;
Righteousness is his delight;
Th' earth is with his goodness crowned.
- 4 At the mandate of the Lord,
Sun and moon appeared on high;

* Green.

- At Jehovah's mighty word,
Countless stars adorned the sky.
- 5 All the waters of the seas,
As in cisterns, fast he keeps;
And in his vast treasures
Stores the ocean's mighty deeps.*
- 6 Let all nations of the earth
Fear and dread th' Almighty God;
At his word, worlds sprung to birth;
He commanded; firm they stood.
- 7 God will frustrate and subvert
All the heathen's plans and way;
But the purpose of his heart,
Firm and changeless stands for aye.
- 8 Blessed is the honoured place
Where Jehovah reigns alone;
Blessed is the favoured race
He hath chosen for his own.
- 9 From his heavenly dwelling place,
God looks down upon the earth;
His all-seeing eye surveys
All its tribes of every birth.
- 10 He who, in his wondrous plan,
Formed the hearts of all mankind,
Weighs the works of every man,
Scans the thoughts of every mind.
- 11 Armies cannot save a king,
Nor a hero warlike force;
'Tis a vain and foolish thing
Trusting to a fleet war-horse.

* Vatablus: Bps. Hare, Secker, Lowth.

- 12 Lo ! the Lord's all-seeing eye
Is on all that seek his face ;
All that patiently rely
On his mercy and his grace.
- 13 To deliver them from death,
When their foes would overpower ;
To preserve their life and breath
Even in famine's dreary hour.
- 14 Patiently our spirits wait,
'Till Jehovah be revealed,
In his power and glory great,
As our Helper and our Shield.
- 15 We have trusted in his name
In our dark and evil days ;
We shall yet rejoice in Him
For his goodness and his grace.
- 16 O may we, all-gracious Lord,
With thy mercy still be blest,
For in thine all-faithful word,
We will hope, and we will rest.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

- 1 **I**N all the changes of my life,
In dark or joyous days,
O, I will magnify the Lord,
And ever sing His praise.*
- 2 In God's great name my soul shall still
With confidence exult :
The meek shall hear it, and rejoice
To hear the glad result.

* Horsley.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
And His great grace extol :
I sought the Lord ; he heard my prayer,
And saved my trembling soul.
- 4 Look ye to Him alone, and light
In darkness shall arise:
He will preserve your souls from shame,
From bitter tears your eyes.*
- 5 When the afflicted cried to God
In trouble and in grief;
Jehovah heard his cry, and gave
Effectual relief.†
- 6 Behold ! the angel of the Lord
Encamps around the just,
To grant deliverances to all
That in Jehovah trust.
- 7 O taste, and ye shall then perceive
The goodness of the Lord :
Blest is the man that puts his trust
In his all-faithful word.
- 8 Fear ye the Lord, O ye his saints !
For want shall ne'er assail
The man that fears the Lord, whate'er
Calamities prevail.
- 9 Hunger and famine may distress
The ravening lion's brood ;
But they that seek the living God
Shall not want any good.
- 10 Ye that are young, come near to me,
And hearken to my word,

* Horsley.

† Green.

And I will teach your youthful hearts
To fear and serve the Lord.

- 11 Who is the mortal that desires
Long life and happy days?
Let slander ne'er pollute thy tongue,
Nor guileful arts thy ways.
- 12 Shun every evil word and work,
And practise what is right;
And follow peace with all mankind,
With all thy heart and might.
- 13 On righteous men Jehovah bends
A favourable eye;
And when distressed, his gracious ear
Is open to their cry.
- 14 But on all wicked men he looks
In frowning majesty,
To sweep for ever from the earth
Their name and memory.
- 15 When cares and sorrows gathering round
Their sinking souls oppress,
The righteous cry to God; He hears,
And saves from their distress.
- 16 To those that are of broken heart,
The Lord is ever nigh;
The contrite spirit he revives,
And saves eternally.
- 17 Afflictions manifold and great,
The righteous man befall;
But God upholds him, and at length
Delivers from them all.
- 18 His very bones Jehovah keeps
Unbroken, safe and sound,

Whatever perils may assail,
Or compass him around.

19 The wicked, through their wicked arts,
Are into ruin cast,
And they that hate the just shall be
Most desolate at last.

20 All those that serve Him will the Lord
Redeem and still defend ;
And none of those that trust in Him
Shall perish in the end.

PSALM XXXV. S. M.

1 **P**LEAD thou my cause, O Lord,
With them that strive with me,
And rouse thyself to fight against
My wrathful enemy.

2 With shield and buckler armed,
For my defence appear ;
Arrest my enemies in their course
With thy resistless spear.

3 And say unto my soul,
Oppressed with fears and grief,
“ I am thy Saviour, and will give
Effectual relief.”

4 Let my malignant foes
Be overwhelmed with shame ;
Let consternation and defeat
Attend their every aim.

5 Let th’ angel of the Lord
Pursue them from behind ;
Yea ! let them be like the light chaff
Before the driving wind !

- 6 Let darkness cloud their path,
And slippery be their way,
And let the angel of the Lord
Pursue them night and day.
- 7 For unprovoked by me,
They spread their secret snare
To take my life, and pitfalls deep
Maliciously prepare.
- 8 Let dire destruction fall
Upon them suddenly;
And let them perish in the snare
They laid to ruin me.
- 9 So shall my grateful soul
Rejoice in thee, my God,
While the deliverance wrought by thee
Shall make my heart right glad.
- 10 My very bones shall say,
“ Lord, who is like to Thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helpless one
From his strong spoiler free.
- 11 False witnesses conspired
Against my peace; and laid
Things to my charge I knew not, and
My good with ill repaid.
- 12 For oft when they were sick,
In sorrow's garb arrayed,
And humbly fasting, for their health,
Unseen, I bowed and prayed.*
- 13 Yea, I demeaned myself,
Even as their friend or brother;

* Vatablus.

- I stooped, all sad and sorrowful,
Like an afflicted mother.*
- 14 But they rejoiced in crowds
At mine adversity;
Yea, slanderers whom I did not know
Banded to ruin me.†
- 15 Taunting with cutting scoffs,
And ceaseless impious jests,
They gnashed upon me with their teeth,
When revelling at their feasts.‡
- 16 How long wilt thou defer,
O Lord, to plead my cause?
From ruin save thy helpless one,
Save from the lion's jaws.§
- 17 So shall I give thee thanks,
Amid th' assembled throng;
Where congregated people meet,
Thy praise shall be my song.
- 18 Let not my enemies
Insult me in their pride;
Nor those that hate me wrongfully
My fallen state deride.
- 19 For still to peace averse,
They artfully devise,
Against the peacefully dispos'd
Malicious calumnies.
- 20 Yea, with unblushing face,
They vent their slanderous lies,
And say, "Aha! Aha! 'tis true;
We saw it with our eyes."

* Dr. A. Clarke.

† Green.

‡ Green.

§ Green.

- 21 Lord! thou hast seen it all;
Thou know'st their deadly hate;
Speak then for me, and show thyself
My help, my Advocate.
- 22 Arouse thyself at length,
And to my judgment wake;
My God! my Lord! do thou my cause
Benignly undertake.
- 23 Judge me, O Lord, my God,
In truth and righteousness;
Nor let my enemies their joy
Triumphantly express.
- 24 Nor let them realize
The object of their hope;
Or say, "'Tis just as we desired;
Lo! he is swallowed up."
- 25 Confounded and ashamed
Be my proud enemies;
Dishonour seize all that rejoice
At my calamities.
- 26 But let loud shouts of joy
And triumph still attend
All those that love my righteous cause,
And zealously befriend.
- 27 Yea, let them ever say,
"The Lord be magnified,
Who seeks the welfare of his saints,
And quells the sinner's pride."
- 28 So shall my grateful tongue
Thy righteousness proclaim,
Nor ever cease from morn till night
To glorify thy name.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **T**O all iniquity inclined,
Thus speaks the sinner in his mind,
“No fear nor danger can arise;”
For God is not before his eyes.
- 2 Self-blinded by self-flattery,
His guilt he cannot, will not, see;
Nor does he e’er regard his sins
With self-abhorring penitence.
- 3 Iniquitous in all his ways,
Deceit abounds in all he says;
And to his sinful follies turned,
Wisdom and virtue he hath spurned.
- 4 On bed he forms malicious plots
That occupy his waking thoughts,
And, hating no ungodly art,
Works wickedness with all his heart.
- 5 Thy mercy, Lord, exceeds in height
All yonder heavenly orbs of light,
Thy faithfulness extendeth far,
Beyond the farthest twinkling star!*
- 6 Thy justice, like vast mountains, stands
Immovable by creature-hands;
Thy dispensations—who can sound
The depths of their abyss profound!
- 7 O Lord! all living creatures share
Thy daily bounty and thy care:
O how transcendant is the grace
That shines in all thy works and ways!

- 8 Therefore, Almighty King of kings,
Beneath thine over-shadowing wings,
The countless tribes of mortal race,
Their trust and confidence shall place.
- 9 With food from thine own house supplied,
They shall be fully satisfied,
And thy pure rivers shall supply
Delicious draughts abundantly.
- 10 For the pure spring is found with thee
Of blissful immortality ;
Encircled with thy light divine,
Eternal day shall round us shine.
- 11 O still continue to the race
That know Thee thine accustomed grace ;
And thy beneficence impart
To those that are upright in heart.
- 12 No longer let my haughty foes
My peace insultingly oppose ;
Nor let the wicked's cruel hand
Remove me from thy holy land.
- 13 Behold the wicked overthrown !
Their hosts are cast ignobly down.
Cast down for their iniquities,
They fall, and they shall never rise !

PSALM XXXVII. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN wicked men grow rich and great,
Fret not, nor envy thou their state ;
"Tis held but for a day :
For they shall wither like the grass,
And, like a flower cut down, shall pass
Right speedily away.

- 2 Trust in the Lord, and do thou good ;
So shalt thou have thy needful food,
And still dwell in the land ;
Let thy delight be in the Lord ;
And thy desires he will accord
With a benignant hand.
- 3 Commit thy ways unto the Lord ;
Trust also in his faithful word,
Which he will soon fulfil ;
Thy righteousness he will display,
And thine uprightness, as the day,
All gloriously reveal.
- 4 In all God's doings acquiesce,*
And patiently await his grace ;
Nor murmur in thine heart,
Although the worldly wicked man
Should prosper in each wicked plan
And in each guileful art.
- 5 From anger cease, and wrath forsake ;
Nor let a murmuring spirit wake .
To evil deeds thy hand :
Sinners shall perish ; but the just,
Who in Jehovah's promise trust,
They shall possess the land.
- 6 For soon the wicked shall not be ;
Thou shalt examine carefully,
Nor find his place again :
But men of meek and humble spirit
The land shall joyfully inherit,
While blessedness shall reign.

* Green.

- 7 Against the just the wicked plots,
And the fierce malice of his thoughts
His wrathful looks display :
The Lord looks on in silent scorn ;
For he beholds th' approaching morn
Of his unhappy day.*
- 8 The wicked aims with sword and bow
To lay the poor and needy low,
And the upright to slay :
Their swords shall pierce themselves at last,
Their bows all broken shall be cast
Ingloriously away.
- 9 The just man's scanty lot is more
And better than the wicked's store
Of silver and of gold :
For soon the wicked's wealth and power
Shall perish, but in each dark hour
God will the just uphold.
- 10 For all the just the Lord provides,
And their inheritance abides
Eternally secure.
When trouble overwhelms the earth
They shall lift up their heads ; in dearth
Their sustenance shall be sure.
- 11 But wicked men shall be destroyed ;
Nor shall his enemies abide
The anger of the Lord :
Even as the fat of lambs shall they,
In smoke and flame, consume away
At his resistless word.

* Gesenius.

- 12 The wicked borrows, nor repays ;
The just are kind and kindly raise
The poor with bounteous hand.
Upon the wicked still shall rest
The curse of God ; the just are blest,
And shall possess the land.
- 13 The steps of him whose works and words
The Lord approvingly regards
Are ordered by his grace.
Though he should fall, yet shall he rise,
For God upholds him and supplies
Strength in his evil days.
- 14 From youth to age I ne'er have seen
That just men or their seed have been
Reduced to beggary.
The just man ever kindly lends ;
And blessing from the Lord descends
On his posterity.
- 15 From every sinful way depart,
And do thou good with all thine heart ;
So shalt thou live for aye :
For righteousness is God's delight,
And he forsakes not the upright
In their distressful day.
- 16 The wicked and their sinful race
Shall perish from their dwelling-place ;
Nor shall their power deliver :
But firmly shall the righteous stand,
In peace inheriting the land,
And dwelling there for ever.
- 17 The just man's conversation shows
The hallowed source from whence it flows ;
For wisdom is his guide.

The law of God enthroned within
Restraining him from outward sin,
His feet shall never slide.

- 18 The wicked man in secret lies,
Watching the righteous to surprise
And take his life away.
God will not leave him in his hand,
And though condemned of men, he'll stand
Clear in the judgment day.

- 19 Hope in the Lord, and keep his laws ;
So shall he raise thee up, and cause
Thee to possess the land :
Yea, thou shalt see th' ungodly race
Swept off for ever from their place,
While thou shalt safely stand.

- 20 I've seen the wicked high in pride,
Even as a fair tree spreading wide
In its own native ground :
I passed again, but he was gone ;
No trace of him remained—not one
Could any where be found.*

- 21 Mark thou the righteous, and survey
The just ; though dark their present day,
Their after-state is peace.
But dire destruction shall pursue
The wicked and ungodly crew ;
Their end is bitterness.

- 22 For the salvation of the just
Comes from the Lord. He is their trust
And strength in evil days.

* Green.

Help and deliverance he will send,
And from the wicked's power defend,
Because they trust his grace.

PSALM XXXVIII. S. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, though I have walked
In folly's sinful path,
Rebuke me not in anger, nor
Chastise me in thy wrath.
- 2 For lo! thy shafts have pierced
My soul in every part,
And, with oppressive weight, thy hand
Rests on my drooping heart.
- 3 My health and strength are gone,
So fierce thine anger glows;
And, through my aggravated guilt,
My bones know no repose.
- 4 For mine iniquities
O'erwhelm me like a flood;
Nor can my fainting soul sustain
Their overpowering load.
- 5 My sores are putrid, through
The folly of my way;
My frame is bent and shrivelled up;
I mourn the live-long day.
- 6 A foul and sore disease
Affects my every part:
Feeble and broken down, I groan
In agony of heart.
- 7 But my desire, O Lord,
Is all before thine eyes;

And thine all-hearing ear has heard
My groaning and my cries.

8 My heart pants; my strength fails;
My very sight is gone:
And my disease makes even my friends
My company to shun.

My enemies attempt
To kill me by surprise,
And frame against me wrongfully
Incessant calumnies.

10 But, like one deaf and dumb,
I heard not nor replied,
But silent sat, as if the sense
Of guilt my tongue had tied.

11 Because in thee alone,
O Lord, is all my hope:
For thou wilt answer, Lord, for me,
And bear my spirit up.

12 Hear, Lord, my earnest prayer;
Let not my foes exult;
Nor o'er my sad and fallen state
Contemptuously insult.

13 For, tottering to my fall,
My grief is ever near;
My sin I openly confess,
And live in constant fear.

14 For my fierce enemies,
Who hate me wrongfully,
Are numerous, powerful, and enjoy
Peace and prosperity.

- 15 Yea, those who for my love
Hatred and ill repay,
Who for my kindness seek my hurt,
Beset me all the day.
- 16 O Lord, forsake me not,
Nor stand so far away;
Haste to my help, my Saviour, Lord,
In this distressful day.

PSALM XXXIX. L. M.

- 1 **I** WILL observe my ways, said I,
And from offending guard my tongue;
My lips, while wicked men are nigh,
Shall utter neither right nor wrong.
- 2 But while in silence I remained,
And even from pious converse ceased,
My heart with inward grief was pained,
And my soul's bitterness increased.
- 3 My heart, while I was musing, burned,
As if consumed with secret fire,
Then to the Lord at length I turned,
And thus expressed my heart's desire:
- 4 Teach me, O Lord, how short the span,
And brief the measure of my days.
Teach me how frail a thing is man,
And how he speedily decays!
- 5 Lo! as an handbreadth thou hast made
My life; man's days are nought to thee:
Yea, man in goodliest state arrayed
Is altogether vanity.
- 6 Lo! man walks in a shadowy scene,
Vain are his troubles, vain his care;

He heaps up wealth from morn till even,
Yet knows not who shall be his heir.

7 For what then should I longing wait ?
O Lord, my God, my hope's in thee.
Rescue me from my sinful state,
And from the fool's reproaches free.

8 Silent I bowed beneath the rod,
Because it smote at thy command :
Remove thy stroke from me, O God,
I sink beneath thy heavy hand.

9 When thou chastisest men for sin,
Their beauty fades, consumed by thee,
Like a moth-eaten robe ; for men
Are surely nought but vanity.

10 Lord, hear my earnest prayer and cry ;
Help me, for thou my grief hast seen :
A passing stranger here am I,
As all my fathers' race have been.

11 O turn away thy frowning eye,
And to my drooping heart restore
Comfort and peace and inward joy,
Ere I go hence and be no more.

PSALM XL. L. M.

1 **I** WAITED for the Lord my God,
And meekly bore his chastening rod :
At length he lent a willing ear
My earnest prayer and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a dismal pit,
And on a rock he set my feet ;
He drew me out of miry clay,
And made me steadfast in my way.

- 3 He tuned my voice anew to sing
The praises of my God and King :
Many shall see it and shall place
Reliance in Jehovah's grace.
- 4 O happy is the man and blest
Whose hopes upon Jehovah rest,
Respecting not the haughty men
Who turn to falsehood and to sin.
- 5 O Lord, my God, full many are
Thy wondrous acts ! who can declare
Their number or their vast amount ?
Thy thoughts of love who can recount ?
- 6 Burnt-offerings thou didst not desire ;
Sin-offerings thou didst not require ;
But thou thy servant's ears hast bored,
For I am thine for ever, Lord.
- 7 Then said I, " Lo ! I come, O Lord :"
(For so 'tis written in thy word,)
" 'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
Thy law I'll cordially fulfil."
- 8 Widely will I proclaim abroad
The tidings of thy grace, O God ;
Thou knowest I have ne'er concealed
What thou desired'st to be revealed.
- 9 I have not hid within my breast,
But to th' assembled saints expressed,
Thy righteousness, thy faithfulness,
Thy truth, thy love, thy saving grace.
- 10 Do thou, benignly, then accord
Thy grace to me, all-gracious Lord ;
Yea, let thy truth, thy love, thy grace
Preserve and bless me all my days.

- 11 For evils great and numberless
 Surround me, and my soul oppress :
 Bowed down by my calamities,
 I cannot even lift up my eyes.
- 12 More than the hairs upon my head,
 They fill my heart with fear and dread;
 Be pleased to help me, gracious Lord;
 Thy succour speedily afford.
- 13 Let blackest shame and ruin dire
 Be theirs who 'gainst my life conspire;
 Shame and entire defeat pursue
 Th' ungodly and malignant crew.
- 14 Yea, let confusion seize my foes
 Who cry "Aha," amid my woes;
 Let desolation from the Lord
 Be their malignity's reward.
- 15 But let thy saints, O Lord, rejoice,
 And shout with triumph's gladsome voice;
 Let all who thy salvation love
 Sing "Glory to the Lord above."
- 16 O I am poor and in distress;
 May God think on my helplessness!
 Thou art my help and Saviour, Lord,
 Thy succour speedily afford.

PSALM XLI. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who wisely weighs
 The case of the distressed,
 And sympathises with the griefs
 And wrongs of the oppressed.
- 2 For in his own distressful day
 The Lord will be his guard,

- And his deliverer from death,
His comfort and reward.
- 3 A blissful portion in the land
Shall his be all his days,
And thou wilt save him from the power
Of all his enemies.
- 4 In sickness God will strengthen him,
And bear his spirit up,
And softly spreading all his couch,
Mix blessings in his cup.
- 5 In my distress I prayed to God,
"Thy mercy, Lord, extend
To me a sinner ! Heal me, Lord,
For 'gainst Thee I have sinned."
- 6 My enemies reproaches spread
Against me every day ;
"When shall he die, and his name rot ?"
Maliciously they say.
- 7 And when they visit me, their talk
And friendship are but show,
Devising mischief in their hearts,
They spread it when they go.
- 8 They talk in whispers, and their hate
Thus vent malignantly,
"Some heavy crime has weighed him down ;
'Tis certain he will die."
- 9 Nay, he in whom I trusted most,
My bosom-friend and guest,
Even he deserted me, and turned
Against me like the rest.
- 10 But be thou merciful to me,
And raise me up, O Lord,

That I may recompense their works
With their deserved award.

11 Even now, I surely know thou hast
Benignly heard my call ;
For otherwise my enemies
Had triumphed in my fall.

12 For by thine hand upheld, I stand
In mine integrity ;
And in thy presence evermore
Thou hast established me.

13 Then blessed be the Lord our God
To all eternity.
And let his people Israel say,
Amen ! So let it be !

PSALM XLII. C. M.

¹ **E**VEN as the hart, when parched with thirst,
Pants for the water-brook ;
So pants my soul for thee, O God,
For thee I longing look.

2 My soul thirsts for the living God ;
O God ! when shall I stand
Within thy blissful courts again,
In Judah's happy land ?

3 My tears have been my bitter food,
Both in the night and day,
While constantly, " Where is thy God ?"
The taunting scoffers say.

4 My soul within me melts, with grief
And loneliness oppressed,

- When I recall to mind the joys
Of Zion's solemn feast.*
- 5 When to the house of God we marched,
In slow and measured pace,
The festive multitude around
Shouting in joyful praise.*
- 6 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why troubled and dismayed,
As if bereft of every hope
Of comfort and of aid !
- 7 Still hope in God, for I shall yet
His wondrous grace adore ;
For he is still my Saviour, and
My God for evermore.
- 8 O God, my downcast soul to Thee
Turns sorrowfully still,
From Jordan's land, from Hermon's top,
And Mizar's distant hill.
- 9 Thy cataracts rush roaring down ;
Torrents to torrents call,
With a loud noise, and thy big waves
O'erwhelm my sinking soul.†
- 10 When God was with me heretofore,
My path was ever bright ;
For his grace cheered me all the day,
And his song all the night.‡
- 11 God of my life, my rock, why then
Hast thou forgotten me ?
Why am I left in grief to mourn
My foe's fierce tyranny ?

* Green.

† Boothroyd.

‡ Boothroyd.

- 12 For their reproaches pierce my heart,
Even as a sword the bones;
And when they say, "Where is thy God?"
My wounded spirit groans.
- 13 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why troubled and dismayed,
As if bereft of every hope,
Of comfort and of aid?
- 14 Still hope in God; for I shall yet
His wondrous grace adore;
For he is still my Saviour, and
My God for evermore.

PSALM XLIII. C. M.

- 1 **T**RY me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a godless race;
And save me from the wicked man,
And his deceitful ways.
- 2 O God, my strength! why is it so
That I am cast away,
And doomed to feel oppression's scourge
In sorrow all the day?
- 3 Vouchsafe me light, and let thy truth
My heart with wisdom fill;
And guide me to thy blissful courts,
To Zion's holy hill.
- 4 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God, my chiefest joy;
Yea, O my God, thy praise shall still
My tuneful harp employ.
- 5 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why troubled and dismayed,

As if bereft of every hope
Of comfort and of aid ?

- 6 Still hope in God ; for I shall yet
His wondrous grace adore ;
For he is still my Saviour, and
My God for evermore.

PSALM XLIV. C. M.

- 1 **F**ULL often have we heard, O God,
Our fathers oft have told,
What thou hast done in other days,
Even in the days of old.
- 2 How thou didst drive the heathen out,
And plant them in their place,
Increasing Israel's favoured tribes,
And wasting Canaan's race.
- 3 For neither did their own right arm,
Nor their own sword and might,
Obtain possession of the land,
Or conquer in the fight.
- 4 'Twas thy right hand, thy mighty arm,
Thy favour and thy grace,
'That wrought deliverance for their tribes ;
For thou did'st love their race.
- 5 And thou art still our King, O God !
O, then, our straits behold,
And work deliverance yet again
For Jacob, as of old.
- 6 Through thee, our own, our father's God,
We'll vanquish every foe ;
And all our enemies around
Entirely overthrow.

- 7 I will not trust for my defence
To bow, or sword, or spear ;
'Twas thou that saved'st us heretofore
When fiercest foes were near ;
- 8 And our malicious enemies
Did'st overwhelm with shame :
In God we gloried daily then,
And ever blessed thy name.
- 9 But now thou hast forsaken us,
And brought us to disgrace,
Nor dost thou with our armies march,
As in these ancient days.
- 10 Thou puttest us to rout and flight
Before our enemies ;
And we are robbed and spoiled by those
That hate us and despise.
- 11 Like sheep reserv'd for slaughter, thou
Hast given us, O God !
And far away in heathen lands
Hast scattered us abroad.
- 12 Thy people thou hast sold for nought
To dismal slavery ;
Nor has their miserable price
Enriched thy treasury.
- 13 Thou makest us to all around
Reproach, derision, scorn ;
The people's proverb, scoff and jest,
Most bitter to be borne.
- 14 Shame and confusion cover us ;
We blush and hide our face,
At the reproach and blasphemy
Of our fierce enemies.

- 15 All this has come on us ; but Thee,
 Lord, we have ne'er forgot,
Nor in thy holy covenant
 Deceitfully have wrought.
- 16 Our heart has not declined from Thee,
 Nor our feet from thy path ;
Though thou hast crushed us underneath
 The fierceness of thy wrath ;
- 17 And made our ancient dwelling-place
 The foul hyena's den,
And covered us, as in the grave,
 I' the land of living men.
- 18 If we have e'er forgot thy name
 In base idolatry,
Shall not the Searcher of our hearts
 Discern the treachery ?
- 19 Yea, countless and severest woes,
 For thy sake we sustain ;
Martyred to-day, or kept like sheep,
 To-morrow to be slain.
- 20 Awake ! Why sleepest Thou, O Lord ?
 Awake, arise, deliver !
Look on our low and ruined state,
 Nor cast us off for ever !
- 21 Why dost thou hide thy face, and why
 Forget to send relief ?
Our spirits crushed with wrongs, our hearts
 Sink from excessive grief.
- 22 Arise, O Lord, forget us not ;
 Yea, for our help arise :
Redeem us for thy mercies' sake
 From all our enemies !

PSALM XLV. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y heart divinely tuned to sing
 Of Zion's Lord and Zion's King,
 'The theme shall animate my song,
 And like a swift pen guide my tongue.
- 2 Fairest of men ! that form of thine
 Is matchless, glorious and divine !*
 Graceful thy lips, and sweet thy word,
 Thou ever-blessed of the Lord !
- 3 Gird on thy sword, thou warrior-king,
 Almighty and all-conquering !
 And buckle on thine armour bright
 And dazzling as the noon-day light.†
- 4 And in thy majesty ride on
 All prosperously, thou glorious One :
 For meekness, truth and equity—
 These are the cause upheld by thee.‡
- 5 Yes ! and in thine impetuous course,
 Dart terrors with resistless force :§
 Thy shafts are sharp, O king, and all
 Thy foes beneath thy might shall fall.¶
- 6 O God, thou High and Holy One !
 Eternal stands thy glorious throne ;
 The sceptre of thy kingdom is
 For ever swayed in righteousness.
- 7 Yea, righteousness is thy delight,
 And constant aim both day and night,
 While sin and all iniquity
 Are utterly abhorred by thee.

* Boothroyd. † Horsley. ‡ Boothroyd. § Boothroyd.
 ¶ Green.

- 8 Hence hath thy God, Jehovah, shed
The oil of gladness on thy head,
And raised thee far above thy peers,
The Lord of all the universe.
- 9 Thy robes from ivory wardrobes brought,
With Araby's rich odours fraught,—
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, frankincense—
Delight and recreate the sense.*
- 10 Daughters of kings attend thy state,
And with thy precious treasures wait,
While the queen stands at thy right hand,
Arrayed in gold of Ophir's land.
- 11 Hearken, O daughter, to my voice;
Reflect, nor these my words despise:
'Thy people and thy former state,
'Thy father's house, henceforth forget.
- 12 So shall thy beauty still impart
Joy to the king's delighted heart:
To him all reverence still accord,
For he's thy husband and thy Lord.
- 13 And there be thou, with presents meet,
Daughter of Tyre, thy prince to greet;
And let the wealthiest nations bring
Gifts to propitiate the king.
- 14 All gloriously attired, the queen,
A monarch's daughter, stands within:
Her vesture's richly wrought of gold;
And broidered robes her form enfold.†
- 15 Behold her splendidly arrayed,
In slow and long procession led,

* Green.

† Boothroyd, Hosrley.

Unto her husband and her king,
Attendant virgins following.

- 16 In festive train they march along,
With gladness and the voice of song,
Until, in royal pomp and state,
They stand within the palace gate.*
- 17 Sons of thine own shall fill the place
Of thy once loved paternal race;
And thou shalt give them high command,
To reign as princes in the land.
- 18 Thy fame to many a future race
They shall transmit in future days;
Till all who dwell on every shore
Thy praise proclaim for evermore.†

PSALM XLVI. P. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH is our refuge and strong tower;
Our present guardian in the darkest hour.
Therefore, although the earth be swept away,
And loftiest mountains cast into the sea,
We will not fear: yea, though the boiling ocean
Rage till the mountains rock in wild commotion.
- 2 There is a stream whose living waters flow,
Gladdening the city of our God below.
Within that holy place Jehovah dwells,
And all its temple with his glory fills.
No foe shall e'er subvert that holy city,
Her strong and swift deliverer is the Almighty.
- 3 Around her walls the assembled nations raged;
The kingdoms, moved with ire, fierce warfare waged.

* Horsley † Septuagint, Vulgate, Houbigant, Horsley.

Then spake the Lord in majesty and might;
 The earth dissolved in terror and affright.
 The Lord of hosts is with us, nor will leave us;
 The mighty God of Jacob, he will save us.

- 3 Come and behold the judgments of our God,
 What desolations he hath wrought abroad
 O'er the wide world! He maketh wars to cease,
 Establishing a universal peace:
 The bow he breaks, and with his rolling thunder
 Burns the war-chariot, cuts the spear asunder.
- 4 Be still, ye nations; know that I am God,
 Exalted high o'er all the world abroad;
 Earth's mightiest ones beneath my power I'll bring,
 And reign her only and Almighty king.
 The Lord of hosts is with us, nor will leave us,
 The mighty God of Jacob, he will save us.

PSALM XLVII. P. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, all ye children of Jacob, rejoice;
 To God let the loud shout of triumph arise:
 For the Lord, who in might is unspeakably great,
 Reigns o'er the wide earth as its sole Potentate.
- 2 Its tribes and its tongues he will humble them low,
 And beneath our dominion the nations shall bow:
 He will choose our inheritance for us again,
 The glory of Jacob, the land of Canaan.
- 3 The Lord is gone up to his throne in the sky,
 With trumpet and triumph and shoutings of joy;
 Sing praise to our God; let the firmament ring
 With the praise of the Lord, our omnipotent king.
- 4 For the Lord reigns supreme from the pole to the pole;
 O then let his praise fill your heart and your soul;

His boundless dominion the heathen shall own,
And holy is he who sits on the throne.

- 5 The chiefs of the people beloved of the Lord,
Are gathered together in joyful accord ;
For God is the shield of the land, and his throne
Is highly exalted ; he reigneth alone.

PSALM XLVIII. P. M.

- 1 **O** GREAT is the Lord ; let Zion upraise,
In rapturous strains, the song of his praise ;
With joy, O ye people, proclaim it abroad,
Even ye that inhabit the city of God.
- 2 Mount Zion beloved most beautiful stands,
The light of all eyes, the joy of all lands ;
And, lo ! where her northernmost turrets upspring,
The city of Zion's omnipotent King !
- 3 Within her strong walls Jehovah resides,
And for her defence for ever abides.
The nations acknowledge, and Zion confesses
The Lord as her refuge in straits and distresses.
- 4 For soon as their kings in battle array
Stood leagued for her fall, they melted away ;
They saw us and marvelled ; confusion and dread
Took hold on their host, and in terror they fled.*
- 5 Yes ! anguish and fear took hold on her foes,
Like woman's when comes the hour of her throes ;
Or like the wild tempests the ocean that sweep,
And sink stoutest ships in the fathomless deep.†
- 6 Now, now we have seen, what others had told,
Of God's mighty acts for Zion of old.

* Green, Boothroyd.

† Green.

In straits and in danger the Lord will deliver;
The Lord will establish Mount Zion for ever.*

- 7 We waited, O God, in thy holy place,
Expecting in hope thy mercy and grace.†
Thy name is all glorious; be endless thy praise,
For just and benign are thy works and thy ways.
- 8 Let Zion rejoice, and Judah be glad,
While thus they behold the judgments of God.
Exult ye, her daughters; triumphantly sing
The justice of Zion's omnipotent king.
- 9 Yes! march round her walls; her palaces tell;
Her bulwarks and towers consider them well;
And tell to your offspring the Lord will abide
For ever and ever our God and our guide.‡

PSALM XLIX. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR this, ye people; and attend,
All ye that dwell on earth:
Both rich and poor; both nobles all,
And men of humble birth.
- 2 My theme is wisdom; and my heart
Warmed with an inward fire,
I'll frame a lofty song, and chaunt
Deep mysteries to the lyre.
- 3 Why should I fear in evil days,
Though pressed with guileful art,
And compassed round by those who would
Supplant me and subvert?
- 4 Not one of those that trust in wealth,
And boast of heaps untold,

* Boothroyd. † Green, Horsley. ‡ Bishop Hare.

- Can possibly redeem from death
His brother with his gold ;
- 5 Or pay a ransom unto God,
To wrest him from the grave ;
To purchase endless life for him,
And from corruption save.
- 6 That ransom price would far exceed
All human wealth to pay ;
And therefore, unredeemed from death,
They quickly pass away.
- 7 The wise man dies, as dies the fool,
The sensual and the base ;
And all their wealth they leave behind
To a succeeding race.
- 8 The grave becomes their dwelling-place,
And their abode for aye ;
And men inscribe their names on heaps
Of monumental clay.
- 9 Still in prosperity and health,
Mortals regard it not ;
But as the brutes die, so do they,
Without one solemn thought.
- 10 How foolish is their hopeless course !
Yet their succeeding race
Approve their maxims and their works,
And follow in their ways.
- 11 They, too, like sheep, are placed betimes
Within the grave's strong hold ;
Death, as their shepherd, gathering them
Into his gloomy fold.
- 12 And o'er them shall the righteous rule
On the great morn of doom,

- When, wasted in the grave, their frames
Shall issue from the tomb.
- 13 But surely from thy power, O grave !
God will my soul redeem ;
He will receive me to himself,
And I shall live with him.
- 14 Then fear not when thy neighbour's wealth
Becomes exceeding great,
And when his house exalted stands
In honour and in state.
- 15 For he shall carry nought away,
When wrapt in death's dark gloom,
Nor shall his grandeur follow him
Down to the silent tomb.
- 16 Though he was praised and blessed himself,
When all with him was well ;
Soon shall he, with his father's race,
In endless darkness dwell.
- 17 A man to worldly honour raised,
Who is not truly wise,
Lives like a senseless brutish beast,
And like a beast he dies.*

PSALM L. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the mighty God,
Utters his voice from heaven ;
To all the world abroad
Is his dread mandate given ;
He calls the nations of the east,
And summons the remotest west.

* Boothroyd throughout.

- 2 From Zion's holy place,
In beauty all divine,
And in effulgent blaze,
Jehovah's glories shine :
In fire and storms shall God appear,
And speak that all the world may hear.
- 3 He summons heaven and earth
Around his royal seat ;
Their tribes of every birth
In countless millions meet :
For judgment is his throne ordained,
And, lo ! his people are arraigned !
- 4 Come hither, every saint !
Ye that by sacrifice
Have made firm covenant
With him who rules the skies :
So shall the heavens God's justice see ;
For who is Judge Supreme but He ?
- 5 Hear, O my people, hear ;
For I will speak aloud ;
O, Jacob's sons, give ear ;
Thy sins I will not shroud.
For I am God, thy Sovereign Lord ;
Attend then to my sovereign word.
- 6 For sacrifice withheld,
Thy sons I will not chide,
Offerings from fold and field,
All duly ye provide :
But what are beeves or goats to me,
All duly offered though they be ?
- 7 For every beast is mine,
In forest or in field ;

- The beasts of prey, the kine,
The birds the mountains yield,
All, on a thousand hills, are known
To me, and they are all my own.
- 8 Would I ask food of thine,
If I should hungry be?
The spacious world is mine,
And all its progeny.
Or think'st thou will the mighty God
Eat flesh of bulls, or drink their blood?
- 9 Offer to God, thy Lord,
Due praises in his house,
And let thy deeds accord
Harmonious with thy vows;
In days of sorrow seek his face,
And when delivered praise his grace.
- 10 "But why do sinners dare,"
(Saith God, let each give heed,)
"My statutes to declare,
My covenant to plead?
Sinners who yet reject the word,
And hate the chastenings of the Lord.
- 11 Adulterers and thieves
Thy chosen friends have been;
Thy false tongue daily weaves
Mischief, deceit and sin:
Nor have the children of thy mother
Escaped the slanders of their brother.
- 12 While these things thou hast done,
I held my peace till now;
Thou thought'st the Holy One
Was such an one as thou:

But I will weigh thy deeds, and call
Thee to strict reckoning for them all."

- 13 Now, ponder this and fear,
Ye that forget the Lord;
Lest He in pieces tear
The scorers of his word;
Lest his tremendous wrath devour,
When none can rescue from his power.

- 14 The man that offers praise
Does honour to the Lord;
And he that frames his ways
According to his word,
Shall everlastingly enjoy
Salvation from the Lord Most High.

PSALM LI. L. M.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, O thou God of grace!
In thy compassions, think on me!
In thy great loving-kindnesses,
Blot out all mine iniquity!

- 2 Wash me from all my guiltiness,
'Till my polluted soul be clean;
For my transgressions I confess,
Nor seek to palliate my sin!

- 3 O I have sinned 'gainst Thee, O Lord!
And wrought this evil in thy sight!
Thy sentence and thy dread award
Are therefore wholly just and right.

- 4 Behold! conceived in guilt and sin,
A sinner in the womb I lay;
A sinner born, Lord, I have been
A sinner from my natal day.

- 5 But thy delights are truth within,
And purity and holiness;
O keep me then from secret sin,
And teach me wisdom's holy ways.
- 6 Yea, sprinkle thou my leprous soul
With hyssop, that it may be clean;
And wash me white as snow from all
The deep defilement of my sin.
- 7 O make me hear this gladsome voice,
"Peace from a sin-forgiving God;"
So shall these broken bones rejoice—
Broken beneath thy chastening rod.
- 8 O hide thy face, Lord, from my sins,
And blot out my transgressions all;
Create in me afresh, and cleanse
My heart, and renovate my soul.
- 9 And from thy blissful presence, Lord,
O cast me not in wrath away;
But let thy Holy Spirit afford
Strength in my every evil day.
- 10 Make me to know and feel again
The joys thy grace and favour give;
Revive my spirit, and sustain
My tottering footsteps while I live.
- 11 So shall I joyfully proclaim
To sinful men thy works and ways;
'Till sinners learn to fear thy name,
And magnify thy saving grace.
- 12 O God, my Saviour, O my God!
My soul o'erwhelmed still turns to thee;
O save me from the guilt of blood,
That I may sing thy clemency.

- 13 My lips, which sorrow, guilt and shame
Have sealed, be pleased to open, Lord;
So shall I magnify thy name,
And all thy glorious acts record.
- 14 For Thou desir'st not sacrifice,
Nor in burnt-offerings tak'st delight;
Else would I make thine altar blaze
With whole burnt-offerings day and night.
- 15 A broken spirit, O my God,
Is thine accepted sacrifice;
A heart, with sin and sorrow's load
Oppressed, Lord, Thou wilt not despise.
- 16 Deal kindly to the chosen land,
Where Israel on his Saviour calls;
Let Zion yet in beauty stand,
And build Jerusalem's ruined walls.
- 17 So shall her whole burnt-offerings rise,
Accepted in Jehovah's sight;
So shall her every sacrifice
Be holy, and her Lord's delight.

25th August, 1837.

Lat. 6° N. Atlantic Ocean.

PSALM LII. C. M.

- 1 **W**HY gloriest thou, O mighty man,
Because thine arts prevail?
The loving-kindness of the Lord
Can never, never fail.
- 2 Thou plottest mischief, and thy tongue
Cuts like a razor keen:
Hypocrisy and guileful arts
Thy practice still have been.

- 3 Iniquity, lies and deceit
Are still thy chief employ ;
Thou hatest truth and rectitude ;
Thou speak'st but to destroy.
- 4 God shall destroy thee utterly ;
With violence he will tear
Thee from thy tent, and root thee out
From his creation fair.
- 5 And righteous men, who see thy doom,
Shall thus, with one accord,
Express their scorn, even while they fear
And magnify the Lord.
- 6 " Behold the mighty man whose wealth
Was all his trust and pride ;
Who made his wrongful deeds his strength
Nor on the Lord relied !"
- 7 But I, like a green olive tree,
Am planted in God's house ;
For in the Lord's unchanging grace
My hopes I still repose.
- 8 Therefore, I'll put my trust in Thee,
And still thy praise proclaim ;
For it is seemly 'mid thy saints
To bless thy holy name.

PSALM LIII. C. M.

- 1 " THERE is no God," th' ungodly man
Thinks in his heart and says ;
Their hearts are corrupt, vile their works,
And sinful all their ways.
- 2 The Lord looked down from heaven on high,
And viewed the world abroad,

- To see if even one were wise,
Or sought the living God.
- 3 But all were corrupt, all were vile,
And backward all had gone;
For not one righteous man was found
In the wide world—not one!
- 4 Shall such ungodly men escape,
Nor feel Jehovah's power,
Who fear him not, and who his saints,
Even as their food, devour?
- 5 No! they who feared not God before
Shall fear him, when in ire
He scattereth the bones of those
Who 'gainst his saints conspire.
- 6 Then shall their hearts be crowned with shame,
And terror and dismay,
When God looks forth in anger, and
Confounds their thick array.
- 7 O let thy great salvation, Lord,
To Israel quickly come,
From Zion's holy mount, and bring
Thy captive people home!
- 8 So shall thy saints throughout the world
Sound the glad anthem high;
O Jacob, thou shalt triumph then,
And Israel shout for joy!

PSALM LIV. C. M.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, through thy great name,
And by thy power defend;
Lord, deign to hear my humble prayer,
And to my words attend.

- 2 For tyrants seek my life; the proud
In bands against me rise,
Regarding not the mighty God,
Whose throne is in the skies.
- 3 But thou art still my helper, Lord;
Jehovah is my stay,
And to my wrathful foes will soon
Their wickedness repay.
- 4 For faithful are the promises
And threatenings of the Lord;
In justice, therefore, cut them off,
According to thy word.
- 5 So shall I willingly present
My sacrifice to thee,
And bless thy name, as is most meet,
Henceforth continually.
- 6 For thou hast rescued me, O God,
From all my straits and woes,
And made me see the ruin and
Destruction of my foes.

PSALM LV. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, to my sorrowing words give ear,
Nor turn from my entreating voice;
Deign to regard my lowly prayer,
And listen to my doleful cries.
- 2 Around me wicked men arise—
A wrathful and malicious band—
To vex my soul with calumnies,
And seek my downfall in the land.

- 3 My heart with inward pain oppressed,
Death's terrors on my spirit fall;
Unwonted fears convulse my breast,
And horror overwhelms my soul.
- 4 Had I the dove's fleet wings to fly
From rising wind and tempest here,
O I would flee far hence, said I,
And hide me in the desert drear.
- 5 Distract their counsels, O my God!
And their assembled power destroy;
For strife and violence walk abroad
Through all the city of our joy.
- 6 Mischief and wrong and guile are found
Along her streets, around her walls;
Iniquity pollutes her ground,
And trouble on her people falls.
- 7 'Twas not my bitter foe whose tongue
Reproachfully maligned my name,
And violently wrought me wrong,
Else had I borne or shunned the shame.
- 8 But thou, my bosom friend, 'twas thou,
With whom my soul had converse sweet,
Oft as we paid the solemn vow,
In God's house where his people meet.
- 9 Let sudden death their course arrest,
And gulf them in the opening ground,
Like Korah's company unblessed;
For guilt is in their dwellings found.
- 10 Still to my God I lift my voice,
At morn, at noon-day, and at night;

He bids my mourning soul rejoice
And turns my darkness into light.

- 11 He rescues me from battle, and
Restores to safety and to peace ;
For multitudes around me stand
Of fierce inveterate enemies.
- 12 Yea, God, th' eternal Potentate,
Hears me, and humbles wicked men ;
No change affects their prosp'rous state,
And therefore they persist in sin.
- 13 False to their oaths and promises,
They practise violence and wrong,
On men of charity and peace,
And speak with a deceitful tongue.
- 14 Like oil or butter are their words,
So smooth, so peaceful and so bland ;
But war is in their heart, and swords
And deadliest weapons in their hand.
- 15 Cast thou thy cares upon the Lord,
And he will prove thy help and stay ;
To righteous men he'll still afford
Strength in temptation's evil day.
- 16 But bloody and deceitful men
Down to the pit the Lord will thrust,
Amid their short career of sin.
Jehovah is my hope and trust.

PSALM LVI. S. M.

- 1 **H**AVE pity on me, Lord !
For man would overthrow ;

Daily I suffer grievous wrong
From my assailing foe.

2 On my destruction bent,
They hunt me all the day,
With hatred and with malice fired,
In thick and fierce array.

3 But, when afraid, in thee
My confidence I'll place,
Still trusting in my Saviour, God,
And in his promised grace.

4 In thee I trust ; the shield
Of thine omnipotence,
Against the utmost power of men,
Is still my sure defence.

5 They wrest my every word,
And for my ruin plot ;
This constitutes their every aim,
And forms their every thought.

6 All secretly they meet
My trembling steps to trace ;
Thirsting, in ambush, for my blood,
Around my dwelling-place.

7 But shall their guilt escape,
Nor vengeance ever come ?
Lord ! thrust them in thine anger down,
To meet their final doom.

8 Be pleased to reckon all
My wandering steps, O Lord ;
Yea, in thy bottle put my tears,
And in thy book record.

- 9 Whene'er I call on thee
 My routed foes shall fall :
I know it, for the Lord my God
 Is with me when I call.
- 10 In God I trust, and in
 His promises rely ;
Yea, in thy promised grace I'll still
 Exult, O thou Most High.
- 11 In God, the mighty God,
 I'll place my confidence ;
Nor do I fear man's utmost power,
 With God for my defence.
- 12 The vows I made to thee,
 In my distressful days,
O I will gladly pay, in songs
 Of gratitude and praise.
- 13 For thou hast saved me, Lord,
 From stumbling and from death ;
To the blest land of light and life
 Directing all my path.

PSALM LVII. C. M.

- 1 **B**E merciful to me, O God,
 Be merciful to me.
Thou art my refuge and my hope,
 Trembling I flee to thee.
- 2 Yea, underneath thy shadowing wings,
 I will securely hide,
Till all these clouds are past, and thou
 Hast quelled the wicked's pride.
- 3 I'll call on God the Lord Most High,
 Whose grace will still extend,

- Whatever ills surround me now,
Deliverance in the end.
- 4 His loving-kindness and his truth
From heaven the Lord will show,
To rescue me, and to confound
My unrelenting foe.
- 5 I spend my days and nights with men
As lions fierce and strong;
Like spears and arrows are their teeth,
Like a sharp sword their tongue.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry sky;
And let thy glory overspread
The earth, O thou Most High!
- 7 They spread their net across my path,
And bowed my spirit down:
Into the pit they dug for me
Lo! they themselves are thrown!
- 8 O God, my heart is now prepared
A lofty song to sing,
To sing loud anthems to the praise
Of heaven's exalted King.
- 9 Awake, my slumbering soul, awake;
Awake my harp and lyre;
The early dawn shall hear my song,
And its first notes inspire.
- 10 'Mong distant nations I will sing
Thy praises, O my God!
I'll sound the grateful hymn of praise,
O'er all the world abroad.

- 11 For sure, thy loving-kindness, Lord,
The lofty heavens transcends ;
And far above the fleecy clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 12 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry sky,
And let thy glory overspread
The earth, O thou Most High.

PSALM LVIII. C. M.

- 1 **D**OES justice regulate your speech,
Ye who have high command ?
And are your sentences upright,
Ye judges of the land ?
- 2 Nay ; to the peaceful in the land
Ye wrongfully dispense,
What ye have secretly devised,
Mischief and violence.
- 3 Even from the moment of their birth
The wicked go astray ;
Delighting in deceit and lies,
Even from their natal day.
- 4 The venom of their poisonous tongue
Is like the deadly snake's,
Or the deaf adder's, whose dull ear
No charmer's voice awakes.
- 5 Like th' adder, shutting close her ear
Against the sweetest sound,
Alike untameable are they,
Alike envenomed found.

- 6 O God, beat out the thickset teeth
From their wide-opening jaws ;
Lord, break the roaring lions' tusks,
And save me from their paws.
- 7 Like torrents let them disappear,
That for a moment flow,
And let the venom'd shafts they shoot
Fall pointless from their bow.
- 8 Like slimy snail that melts away,
So let them all become,
Or like th' untimely birth that dies
Within the mother's womb.
- 9 Before our pots have felt the fire,
Tempests shall sweep away
The crackling fuel—the dry thorns
That on the way-side lay.
- 10 And when he sees the wicked doomed
Such recompense to meet,
The righteous shall rejoice, and in
Their blood shall wash his feet.
- 11 And men shall say, "For righteous men
There is a rich reward ;
There is a just Judge in the earth,
The great and mighty Lord."

PSALM LIX. C. M.

- 1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord my God,
From all my enemies ;
Defend me from their rancorous
And fierce hostilities.

- 2 From lawless and from wicked men,
Deliver me, O God ;
And save me from the hands of men
Of violence and blood.
- 3 For lo ! they lie in wait for me ;
Yea, men of might combine
To work my ruin and my death,
For no offence of mine.
- 4 Yes, O my God, though no misdeed
Or crime has stained my hands,
They plot against me, and combine
In ever watchful bands.
- 5 Arise, Lord God of Hosts ! the God
Whom Israel's tribes revere ;
Compassionate my wretched state,
And for my help appear.
- 6 Thy judgments and thy wrath display
On all ungodly men ;
Nor pity those whose chief delight
Is treachery and sin.
- 7 Each night returning to their post,
With malice fierce and foul,
They compass all the city round,
Like ravening dogs, and growl.
- 8 They belch out slander from their throats ;
Their tongues are sharpened swords ;
For thus they say, " Who hears our voice,
And who regards our words ? "
- 9 But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at all
The efforts of their pride ;
Their heathenish might and malice thou
Wilt utterly deride.

- 10 To thee, my strong support, I'll still
The grateful anthem raise;
For thou'rt my refuge, and the source
Of never-failing grace.
- 11 The Lord will go before my face,
To guide me and defend,
And of my persecutors make
Me see the dismal end.
- 12 Afflict and scatter them abroad,
Nor slay them in the field;
Lest otherwise men should forget
Their doom, O Lord, our shield.
- 13 Yea, let them all be captive led
Before thy people's eyes,
For their impiety and pride,
Their cursing and their lies.
- 14 In wrath consume them utterly,
That all the world may know,
God rules in Jacob, and is King
O'er all the earth below.
- 15 Then every evening let them come,
With malice fierce and foul,
To compass all the city round,
And, like fierce dogs, to growl.
- 16 Yea, let them be as ravening dogs,
Prowling about for food,
And growling, if they are not gorged
With carrion and with blood.
- 17 But I will celebrate thy power
In songs of grateful praise,
Yea, every morning I will sing
Thy never-failing grace.

- 18 For thou hast been a lofty tower
Of refuge unto me,
To which, in my distressful hour,
I could securely flee.
- 19 O God, my strength, I'll sing to Thee,
My high, protecting tower;
Thy grace has still been my support
In every evil hour.

PSALM LX. S. M.

- ¹ **L**ORD, thou hast cast us off,
And scattered us abroad;
We tremble underneath thy frown;
Return to us, O God!
- 2 In wrath thou hast convulsed
And broken up the land:
O heal its breaches; for it quakes
Beneath thy heavy hand.
- 3 Thy people thou hast caused
Most bitter things to know;
And thou hast made us drink the wine
Of trembling and of woe.
- 4 Yet thou hast given thy saints
A banner to display,
Thy truth to cheer their drooping souls
In their distressful day.
- 5 O let thy saints beloved
Thy great salvation share;
Save us by thine almighty power,
And hear our humble prayer.
- 6 God by himself hath sworn,
Nor can his promise fail,

- “ In triumph I will portion out
Shechem and Succoth's vale.
- 7 Gilead's fair land is mine,
Manasseh's sons obey ;
While Ephraim's thousands form my guard,
And Judah bears the sway.
- 8 Proud Moab, thou shalt hold
A basin for my hands ;
In triumph I will throw my shoe
O'er Edom's subject lands.
- 9 The hosts of Palestine
I will entirely rout,
And o'er their battle-fields I'll raise
The loud triumphant shout.”
- 10 But who will guide my way
O'er yonder frowning wall,
Where still in bold defiance stands
Edom's proud capital ?
- 11 Lord, thou hast cast us off,
And scattered us afar ;
Nor dost thou, as of old, go forth
With Israel's hosts to war.
- 12 Pity our deep distress ;
Compassionate our grief,
And, since no mortal arm can save,
Do thou vouchsafe relief.
- 13 Yes! we shall vanquish still,
Through thy resistless might ;
For God shall trample down our foes,
And conquer in the fight.

PSALM CVIII. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y heart is now prepared
A joyful song to sing;
My soul is ready now to hymn
Thy praise, O God, my King.
- 2 Awake, ye sounding harp
And joy-inspiring lyre;
The early dawn shall hear my song
And its first notes inspire.
- 3 'Mong all the tribes of men,
Lord, I will sing thy praise,
And far away in heathen lands,
The joyful anthem raise.
- 4 For yonder starry heavens
Thy mercy far transcends,
And high above the fleecy clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Be thou exalted high
Above the heavens, O God,
And let thy glory be proclaimed
O'er all the earth abroad.
- 6 O let thy saints beloved
Thy great salvation share, &c.

N. B. —The rest of this psalm the same as the 60th, from v. 5.

PSALM LXI. S. M.

- 1 **O** HEAR my prayer and cry,
Thou High and Holy One!
For overwhelmed and in distress,
I call on thee alone.

- 2 On Canaan's utmost verge,
A suppliant, Lord, I stand;
O lead me to that Rock whose shade
Can cheer the weary land.
- 3 My refuge thou hast been
In many an evil hour,
And, when assailed by bitterest foes,
My strong protecting tower.
- 4 Therefore, within thy tent,
Grant me a safe abode;
And let me hide myself beneath
Thy shadowing wings, O God.
- 5 Sure thou hast heard my vows,
And given me to possess
The rich inheritance of those
Who know thy saving grace.
- 6 The king's life thou prolong'st,
That his blest reign may be
Extended still from age to age,
Even to eternity.
- 7 Before th' Almighty God,
He lives and reigns for aye;
Thy loving-kindness is his crown,
Thy faithfulness his stay.
- 8 Therefore I'll praise thy name,
And all thy grace record,
And daily pay my solemn vows
For ever to the Lord.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

- 1 **O**N God my soul expecting waits,
Like servants at their master's gates;
He only all my sorrow knows;
From Him alone salvation flows.
- 2 My Saviour and my rock is He;
I'll fear no earthly enemy.
Protected by Jehovah's arm,
How should I feel the least alarm?
- 3 Why seek ye still my overthrow,
Shouting aloud at every blow,
As if I were a bending wall,
Or rampart tottering to its fall?
- 4 Delighting in deceit and lies,
My utter downfall they devise;
For while they bless, with malice foul,
They curse me from their very soul.
- 5 Still in my God is all my hope,
'Tis He that bears my spirit up:
My Saviour and my rock is He,
The tower to which I ever flee.
- 6 Why then should ought my soul alarm,
Shielded by God's almighty arm?
My glorious rock, my hiding place,
My Saviour is the God of grace.
- 7 Ye people, amid all your woes,
Still in the Lord your trust repose;
Pour out your hearts to Him in days
Of trouble; God's our hiding-place.

- 8 To trust in men of low estate
Is vain ; 'tis vain to trust the great :
For both, when in the scales they lie,
Are light as vapour in the sky.
- 9 Trust not, nor let your heart be vain,
In rapine's or oppression's gain ;
And when your stores of wealth increase,
Then let your hearts esteem them less.
- 10 Once hath the Lord from heaven declared,
And twice have I with reverence heard,
This voice from the eternal throne,
"That power belongs to God alone."
- 11 Also with thee, O God of grace !
Are boundless loving-kindnesses ;
For as the deeds that each hath done,
So thou rewardest every one.

PSALM LXIII. L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, thou art my God alone,
Each morn I seek thy blessed face ;
For thee, thou High and Holy One,
My spirit thirsts and pants and prays.
- 2 Yea, in a parched and dreary land,
Where no refreshing waters flow,
I long within thy courts to stand,
And in thy presence humbly bow :
- 3 That I may there behold thy power,
And see thy glory all displayed,
As I have seen thee heretofore,
Within thy temple's blissful shade.
- 4 Since better is thy saving grace
Than life itself or length of days,

- Long as I run my earthly race,
My lips shall celebrate thy praise.
- 5 Yea, till my last and dying day,
Thy praises I will still proclaim,
And when I lift my hands to pray,
Plead in thine all-prevailing name.
- 6 With livelier joy my heart is filled,
To meditate on thee by night,
Than all earth's choicest luxuries yield;
Thy praise inspires more pure delight.
- 7 For thou hast been my constant stay,
And succour, O thou King of kings !
Therefore I'll sing for joy for aye,
Beneath thine overshadowing wings.
- 8 To thee I cleave ; thy mighty hand
Sustains me, wheresoe'er I dwell ;
But those who seek my ruin and
Destruction shall descend to hell.
- 9 A pray to the devouring sword,
In bloody combat they shall fall ;
And their dead bodies, uninterred,
Be eaten by the foul jackal.
- 10 In God the king shall still rejoice,
With all who reverence his name ;
When they who love and follow lies,
Are doomed to silence and to shame.

PSALM LXIV. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Expressive of my woes ;
Preserve me from the hand of fierce
And formidable foes.

- 2 From wicked men's cabals and plots
Do thou thy servant hide ;
And from their wild and lawless bands,
For my escape provide.
- 3 On my destruction set, their tongues
They whet, like murderous swords ;
And on their bent bows they affix
Their shafts—envenomed words—
- 4 All secretly and suddenly
To shoot the man of God ;
Boldly they shoot at him, nor fear
The Lord's avenging rod.
- 5 Confirmed in wickedness, their snares
With joint consent they lay ;
And " Who is there that seeth us ?"
They impiously say.
- 6 Devising wicked schemes, they boast
Their own consummate art ;
For deep—unfathomably deep—
Is their deceitful heart.
- 7 But God shall shoot at them betimes ;
An arrow from his bow
Shall smite and wound them suddenly,
And all their schemes o'erthrow.
- 8 Yea, their own self-condemning words,
On their own heads shall fall,
Bringing destruction down from heaven,
And vengeance on them all.
- 9 And all who see their doom shall flee,
Or trembling and in fear,
Confess, " This is the work of God ;
Jehovah's hand is here !"

- 10 Yes! in the Lord the righteous man
Rejoicing still shall trust:
God is the refuge and the joy
And glory of the just,

PSALM LXV. L. M.

- 1 PRAISE for thy God, O Zion, waits,
Zion, within thy temple-gates;
'To thee, O thou that hearest prayer,
All tribes shall come and worship there.
- 2 Lord, our transgressions, we confess,
Are great, o'erwhelming, numberless;
But thou hast cleansed our souls within,
And freely pardoned all our sin.
- 3 Happy are they—yea happier far
Than prosperous worldlings ever are—
Whom thou hast chos'n, and made to dwell
On Zion's blest and holy hill.
- 4 Assembled there to pay our vows,
And taste the goodness of thy house,
Lord, fill us from thy holy place
With thy soul-satisfying grace!
- 5 So wondrous, Lord, and gracious are
Thine answers to thy people's prayer,
Far distant lands shall trust in thee,
And dwellers on the farthest sea.
- 6 Girt with almighty power, thy hand
Plants the vast mountains on the land;
Thy voice to the loud waves speaks peace,
And bids the people's tumults cease.
- 7 Remotest tribes are thrilled with fear,
When in the heavens thy signs appear;

- Anon Thou utterest thy dread voice,
And east and west alike rejoice.
- 8 Thou visitest with refreshing rain
The earth, enriching it amain;
Abundantly thy streamlets flow,
Preparing corn for man to grow.
- 9 Thus, gracious God, thy bounteous hand
Softens, revives, and heals the land;
And with mild showers of blissful rain,
Makes all her valleys bloom again.
- 10 Thou blessest, Lord, the earth's fair spring,
When every tree is blossoming;
Th' advancing year thy bounties crown,
And all thy clouds drop fatness down.
- 11 Even where the flocks half-famished stray,
To distant pastures far away,
The fertilizing shower descends
To cheer the waste and dreary lands.
- 12 Then are the little hills made glad;
With bleating flocks the plains are clad;
The vales afford their rich supply;
And all creation shouts for joy.

PSALM LXVI. 7s.

- 1 **L**ET the earth, with loud acclaim,
To the Lord her anthem raise,
And extol his glorious name
In one lofty song of praise.
- 2 Let her kindreds all ascribe
Glory to her heavenly king;
And let every tongue and tribe
Joyfully his praises sing.

- 3 Saying, " God of majesty,
Fearful in thy works art thou ;
Through thy mighty power to thee
All thine enemies shall bow.
- 4 Every tribe and every tongue
Shall, submissive at thy throne,
Raise the universal song,
Glory to the Lord alone."
- 5 Come, Jehovah's works survey !
All his acts to Abraham's line,—
How magnificent are they,
How transcendantly divine !
- 6 Lo ! to dry land was the sea
Turned at his almighty word ;
And on foot through Jordan, we
Marched, rejoicing in the Lord.
- 7 By his might he rules for aye ;
Watchful, all mankind he sees ;
Let not sinners think that they
Can resist his high decrees.
- 8 Praise our God ; your voices raise
Louder still, ye people all ;
He has lengthened out our days,
And delivered us from thrall.
- 9 Thou hast tried us, Lord, and hast
Through the fiery furnace brought ;
Like the silver that is cast
Into the refiner's pot.
- 10 Thou hast caused us to be made
Captive in the hunter's snare ;
Heavy burdens thou hast laid
On our loins and made us bear.

- 11 Thou hast caused our enemies
To subject and bring us low ;
Through the fire and through the seas
We have passed in grief and woe.
- 12 But in mercy, Lord, thou hast
By thine own Almighty hand,
Brought us safely forth at last
To a rich and plenteous land.
- 13 Therefore to thy blessed house
I will my burnt-offerings bring ;
I will gladly pay my vows
Unto thee, my God and King.
- 14 Yes, the solemn vows that I
Vowed in my distressful day,
Unto thee, O thou Most High,
I will in thy temple pay.
- 15 Whole burnt-sacrifices there
Shall, with clouds of incense, blaze ;
Field and fold shall both prepare
Offerings for thy holy place.
- 16 Come, all ye who fear the Lord,
Ye, his people, hearken ye ;
I will gratefully record
All that he hath done for me.
- 17 Humbly to the Lord I prayed,
In my dark and dismal days ;
Graciously he lent his aid,
And my tongue proclaimed his praise.
- 18 If my heart and soul within,
Caught in guilt and folly's snare,
Had approved and followed sin,
God would not have heard my prayer.

- 19 But the Lord hath surely heard,
And hath granted my request ;
Ever-blessed be the Lord !
Be his name for ever blest !
- 20 From my supplicating voice
He has never turned his face,
But has made me taste the joys
Of his mercy and his grace.

PSALM LXVII. 7s.

- 1 **P**ITY us, O God of grace !
Bless us, source of love divine !
Cause the brightness of thy face
On our darkened souls to shine.
- 2 So shall thy most blessed ways
Over all the earth be known,
And thy rich and saving grace
To its every nation shown.
- 3 Let thy people praise thee, Lord ;
Let them all their voices raise ;
Let all men with one accord
Gladly join their song of praise.
- 4 For in perfect righteousness
Thou shalt o'er thy people reign,
And thy government of peace
Reach o'er all the tribes of men.
- 5 Let thy people praise thee, Lord ;
O let all thy people praise !
Surely shall the earth afford
Plenty in these happy days.
- 6 Yes ! our own, our father's God—
He will bless us evermore,

And o'er all the earth abroad
Men shall fear him and adore.

PSALM LXVIII. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord ariseth in his might,
And all his foes are put to flight,
Yea, those that hate Him, in dismay
At his dread presence, flee away.
- 2 As smoke is scattered all abroad,
So dost thou scatter them, O God !
As the wax melts before the fire,
The wicked at thy frown expire.
- 3 But all the righteous shall rejoice
Before the Lord with gladsome voice,
And thus exultingly shall sing
In honour of their heavenly king.
- 4 "Sing ye to God ! his great name praise !
A highway for the Almighty raise,
Who through the desert rides ! His name,
Jehovah ! let his saints proclaim !
- 5 A father to the orphan race,
Avenger of the widow's case,
Is God who dwells in heaven above,
The land of holiness and love.
- 6 A home he gives the desolate ;
The bondsmen from their wretched state
Raises to wealth ; but rebel bands
He leaves to dwell in arid lands.
- 7 O God, when underneath the shroud
Of darkness and the fiery cloud,

- Thou marchedst through the wilderness,
Before thy people Israel's face ;
- 8 Mount Sinai, trembling, shook for fear,
Because the God of heaven was near ;
The vast earth quaked, and torrents fell
Before the God of Israel.
- 9 Thou, God, a plenteous rain didst send
Upon that parched and thirsty land,
'Thine own inheritance to cheer,
When fainting in the desert drear.
- 10 And there th' assembled tribes abode
In peace and safety, gracious God ;
Provided with a rich supply,
Through thy great liberality.
- 11 Jehovah gives the word of grace
To Israel's expecting race,
And multitudes declare abroad
The mighty acts of Jacob's God.
- 12 Kings and their hosts are put to flight ;
They flee before the God of might !
And they who in the tents abide
The victor's precious spoils divide.
- 13 Though lately clothed in poor attire,
And covered o'er with dust and mire,
Behold them now, like the dove's wing,
With gold and silver glistening !
- 14 Yea, when Jehovah, in his might,
Kings and their armies puts to flight,
Each Hebrew maid shines like the snow
Glistening on Salmon's lofty brow.

- 15 Highest amid the heathen's lands,
See, yonder mount of Bashan stands,
With many a summit reared on high,
And towering to the lofty sky !
- 16 Why, O ye lofty mountains, why
Do ye regard with envious eye
That mount where God delights to dwell,
The mighty God of Israel ?
- 17 God was to Israel better far
Than thousand chariots trained for war ;
God was amidst them in their coasts,
Even as on Sinai with his hosts.
- 18 Thou, God, ascending up on high,
Hast captive led the enemy ;
Gifts thou hast got of heavenly grace,
And dwelt amidst a rebel race.
- 19 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest
Be God, who saves us when oppressed !
Almighty is our God to save,
To bring deliverance from the grave.
- 20 Surely the Lord will overthrow
And crush the head of every foe ;
A speedy and a direful doom
Upon the sinner's head shall come !
- 21 The Lord hath said, and will fulfil ;
"Even as of old, from Bashan's hill,
I'll bring thee back in triumph yet,
O Jacob, to thine ancient seat.
- 22 And as thou marchedst through the flood,
So shalt thou march through seas of blood ;

And o'er the red and gory plain
Thy dogs shall revel on the slain."

- 23 I see thy marching, mighty God,
To Zion, thy beloved abode ;
The marching of my God and King,
Minstrels and singers following.
- 24 And thus they sing with gladsome voice,
While the loud timbrel wakes their joys,
" Ye tribes of Israel's chosen race,
Praise ye the Lord, the God of grace !"
- 25 The tribe of Benjamin is there,
The youngest born, his father's care ;
And Judah and his chiefs are by,
And Zebulon and Nephtali.
- 26 Thy God, O Zion, hath decreed
Sufficient strength for all thy need.
Confirm to us what thou hast done,
From Zion, O thou Holy One !
- 27 So shall the kings of many a land
Submissive yield to thy command,
And choicest presents gladly bring
To Israel's exalted King.
- 28 Rebuke the wild beast of the reeds,*
The bulls of Bashan's fiercest breeds,
With all the lesser herd that range
On heathen lands of language strange,
- 29 Till all in mute submission bring
Their willing tribute to the king :
Yea, scatter thou, O God, afar
The people that delight in war.

* The crocodile, the symbol of Egypt.

- 30 Princes in Zion's courts shall stand,
As suppliants from Egypt's land ;
And Ethiopia shall bring
Her offerings to our God and King.
- 31 Ye kingdoms of the nations, raise
Loud anthems to Jehovah's praise ;
To Him that rides above the heaven
Be endless praise and glory given.
- 32 Hark ! 'tis the voice of God ! It swells
In louder and in louder peals,
High in the clouds ! All nature sing
Glory to Israel's mighty King !
- 33 Dreadful art thou when thus, O God,
Thou travellest in thy might abroad !
But Israel's God will still afford
Strength to his people ! Praise the Lord !

PSALM LXIX. C. M.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, my God, for, lo !
The mighty waters roll,
And threaten, with their rising waves,
To overwhelm my soul.
- 2 I sink in deepest mire, wherein
No footing can be found ;
Even in a fathomless abyss,
Whose waves beset me round.
- 3 Faint with my calling upon thee,
My heart is parched and dry ;
And dimness, while I look for God,
O'erspreads my weary eye.

- 4 For those who hate me wrongfully
Are more in number far
Even than the hairs upon my head :
And fierce and strong they are.
- 5 And through their wrathful violence
I yield them as their prey,
That which I gained not by deceit,
Nor took by force away.
- 6 O God, if I have sinned, thou know'st
All mine iniquity ;
If I am guilty, sure my guilt
Is not concealed from thee.
- 7 O God, Jehovah, Lord of hosts,
Let none that trust in thee
Be disappointed of their hope
And their reward through me.
- 8 Yea, O thou God of Israel,
Let none that love thy name
And seek thy blessed face, through me
Be ever brought to shame.
- 9 For I have borne reproach for thee,
And suffered deep disgrace ;
An alien to my kin was I,
A stranger to my race.
- 10 My fervent zeal towards thy house
Melted my flesh away ;
And the reproaches cast on thee
Oppressed me all the day.
- 11 When I have wept, and, fasting, wrapped
Sackcloth around my frame,
My grief was turned to my reproach,
Their by-word I became,

- 12 By princes I have been traduced
With malice loud and long,
And the vile drunkards in the streets
Made me their jest and song.
- 13 Still, in an acceptable time
Let my prayer come to thee,
And in thy truth and saving grace,
Benignly answer me.
- 14 Deliver me out of the mire
Wherein I sink, O God,
From those that hate me rescue me,
Even from the water-flood.
- 15 Let not the deep o'erwhelm me, nor
Its waves flow over me,
Nor let the all-devouring pit
Engulf me utterly.
- 16 Hear me, O Lord, for thou art good,
And kind are all thy ways ;
Yea, in thy great grace lift on me
Thy reconciled face.
- 17 Nor in thine anger turn away
From me, thy servant, Lord,
But in my straits, O let me hear
Thy soul-reviving word.
- 18 Draw nigh unto me, to redeem
And from my foes to save ;
For many are my enemies,
And cruel as the grave.
- 19 Thou know'st my ignominious state,
And my reproach and shame ;
Thou know'st my enemies, how they hate
And persecute my name.

- 20 Reproach hath broke my heart, and grief
Wasted my shattered frame;
I looked for friends and comforters,
But none to pity came.
- 21 Nay, for my food they gave me gall;
And when I would have quaffed
The cooling stream, they offered me
A nauseating draught.
- 22 Lord, let their table prove their snare,
And let their wealth become
A trap to catch their heedless feet,
And hasten on their doom.
- 23 Let darkness overspread their eyes,
And cause their loins to quake;
And let thy wrath with dire awards
Their great guilt overtake.
- 24 Around their mansions and their tents
Let desolation reign;
Within their ruined walls let no
Inhabitant remain.
- 25 Because they persecute the man
Who mourns beneath thy rod,
And aggravate, with cruel wrongs,
Affliction's heavy load.
- 26 Award them double punishment
For all their wickedness;
Nor let them e'er attain the bliss
Of thy pure righteousness.
- 27 Out of thy book of life let them
Be blotted out for aye,
Ne'er to be numbered with the just
In the great judgment day.

- 28 But I am poor and faint beneath
Oppression's bitter rod ;
Let thy salvation raise me up,
My Saviour and my God.
- 29 So shall I celebrate with joy
Jehovah's blessed name,
And in loud songs of thanksgiving
His wondrous grace proclaim.
- 30 And surely this shall prove to God
More acceptable far
Than whole burnt-offerings of bulls,
Or choicest cattle are.
- 31 The just, beholding the result,
Shall sing with glad accord,
For joy, for it shall cheer your hearts,
O ye who seek the Lord.
- 32 For God regards th' afflicted ones,
And listens to their cry ;
Nor will he leave his saints to pine
In bonds and misery.
- 33 Let heaven and earth in joyful strains
Proclaim Jehovah's praise ;
Let ocean and its finny tribes
Their glad hosannahs raise.
- 34 For God will Zion save, and in
Remembrance of his grace,
The ruined cities will upbuild
Of Judah's chosen race.
- 35 That they may have their dwelling there,
And their possession sure,
To them and to their seed to prove
A heritage secure.

- 36 Yea, that his servants' seed may have
 Their permanent abode
 On Zion's hill, with all who love
 The blessed name of God.

PSALM LXX. C. M.

- 1 **H**ASTE to my rescue, O my God,
 For I am sore distressed;
 Lord, hasten to my help, for I
 Am heavily oppressed.
- 2 Let shame, confusion and disgrace
 Quickly alight on all
 Who mercilessly seek my life,
 Or glory in my fall.
- 3 Let disappointment and defeat
 Their fitting portion be,
 Who mock and cry "Aha, aha!"
 At my calamity.
- 4 Let all who seek thee, still in thee
 Rejoicingly confide;
 Let those who love thy grace say still
 "The Lord be magnified."
- 5 But I afflicted am and poor;
 Lord, haste to succour me;
 Lord, thou alone my Saviour art,
 O, help me speedily.

PSALM CXX.* C. M.

David's prayer while in exile.

- 1 **I** CRIED to God in my distress;
 He heard and set me free.

* See Note A, Ps. 120.

" From lying lips and guileful tongues,
O Lord deliver me !"

- 2 What shall be given thee, thou false tongue ?
And what thy fit award ?
Sharp-pointed bolts of fiery flame
Shot by th' avenging Lord.
- 3 Alas ! that I should dwell so long
With Mesech's lawless bands ;
And share the wandering Arab's tent,
Amid the desert lands !*
- 4 With wrathful and contentious men
I spend my weary life :
My voice is still for peace ; but their's
For battle and for strife.

PSALM CXXI. L. M.

*The righteous man's confident assurance of the divine
protection at all times, and in all circumstances.*

- 1 **T**O Zion's hills I lift my eyes
For help in every evil hour ;
For God who formed the earth and skies
Upholds me by his heavenly power.
- 2 Thy weary foot shall never slide,
While He thy soul securely keeps ;
Lo ! Israel's Guardian and Guide,
He never slumbers, no, nor sleeps.
- 3 The Lord shall keep thee night and day ;
And under his protecting shade,
Nor sun nor moon's malignant ray
Shall e'er have power to smite thy head.

* See note B, Ps. 120.

- 4 From every evil, every sin,
Jehovah shall thy soul defend,
Guarding thy going out and in,
From henceforth even to the end.

PSALM CXXII. L. M.

- 1 MY heart was filled with holy joys
Soon as I heard the welcome voice,
“Come, let us to God’s blessed house
Ascend and pay our solemn vows.”
- 2 Jerusalem, thy courts again
We soon shall tread—a joyful train;
All hail, Jerusalem, to thee,
City of peace and unity!
- 3 Thither the tribes of God repair
To sing Jehovah’s praises there,
According to the statute given
To Israel by the God of heaven.
- 4 For there the thrones of judgment stand
For Israel’s highly-favoured land;
The thrones of David’s royal race
Are there upheld in righteousness.
- 5 O pray ye for Jerusalem!
Blessed be all that love thy name!
Peace be within thy bulwarks still,
And blessings on thy citadel!
- 6 Yea, for my friends and brethren dear
Thy peace shall be my constant prayer;
And for the house of God in thee
I’ll seek thy great prosperity.

PSALM CXXII.* C. M.

The Christian man's prayer for the peace and prosperity of the Church.

- 1 MY spirit inwardly rejoiced,
My very heart was glad,
When thus they said, "Come, let us go
Up to the house of God."
- 2 Jerusalem, within thy gates,
We shall devoutly stand;
Blest city where united meet
The thousands of our land.
- 3 To thee, O city of the Lord,
The tribes of God repair,
According to divine command,
To praise Jehovah there.
- 4 For there the thrones of judgment stand;
There on his lofty throne,
Exalted sits in righteousness,
King David's royal son.
- 5 O ye his saints, be this your prayer,
"Peace to Jerusalem!
And may prosperity attend
All those who love thy name!"
- 6 "Peace be within thy bulwarks still;"
And may thy palaces,
Whatever ills betide, enjoy
Prosperity and peace!"

* See note A, Ps. 122.

- 7 Yea, for my friends and brethren's sakes,
 My fondest wish shall be,
 "May peace and happiness abide
 Jerusalem, in thee!"
- 8 And for thy house, O Lord our God,
 To whom be endless praise,
 I'll labour for Jerusalem's peace
 And welfare all my days.

PSALM CXXIII. L. M.

A prayer for a time of trouble.

- 1 **O** THOU that dwellest in the skies,
 To thee I lift my longing eyes!
 Yea, as obedient servants wait,
 All watchful at their master's gate;
- 2 Or as the humble maiden stands,
 Observant of her mistress' hands,
 We wait and look to thee, O Lord,
 Until deliverance thou afford.
- 3 Have mercy, Lord, we humbly pray,
 In this distressful, wrathful day!
 Lord, pity us, and we shall then
 Be joyful, though the scorn of men.
- 4 For men of wealth and men of pride
 Our God-forsaken state deride;
 And we are left to pine forlorn,
 The sinner's mockery and scorn.

PSALM CXXIV. P. M.

David's song of praise for deliverance from his enemies.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord been our defence,
 When men of wrath and violence—
 (Israel may truly say;)

Had not the Lord been on our side,
When men rose, like a swelling tide,
To sweep us quite away :

- 2 Then had our fainting spirits failed ;
Then had the rising flood prevailed,
So fiercely did it roll ;
And the proud stream's impetuous waves
Had gulphed us in untimely graves,
And overwhelmed our soul.

- 3 To God who wrought our freedom then
Even from the teeth of wrathful men,
Be endless praises given :
Like bird from fowler's snare set free,
So were we rescued, Lord, by thee,
Maker of earth and heaven.

PSALM CXXV. C. M.

*The security of the righteous under the guardianship
of God.*

- 1 **THEY** in the Lord that firmly trust,
Nor murmur at his will,
Firm and unmoved shall ever stand,
Like Zion's holy hill.

- 2 Yea, as the circling mountains stand
Around Jerusalem,
God will surround and ever bless
All those that love his name.

- 3 For o'er the just man's heritage
The wicked shall not reign
Forever, lest the righteous man
Return to sin again.

- 4 To all the righteous, blessed Lord,
 Thy heavenly grace impart ;
 Yea, bless all those who manifest
 Sincerity of heart.
- 5 For men of crooked hearts and ways
 Jehovah will destroy ;
 But Israel's heritage is peace,
 And everlasting joy.

PSALM CXXVI.* P. M.

*Israel's song of praise for deliverance from Babylonish
 captivity.*

- 1 **W**HEN God our freedom wrought,
 With high uplifted hand,
 And Zion's captives brought
 Back to their father land ;
 So wondrous did the tidings seem,
 We thought at first 'twas all a dream.
- 2 Joy beamed from every eye,
 Praise flowed from every tongue ;
 Songs of sweet melody
 To God were duly sung :
 The heathen heard it with surprise,
 And thus expressed their sympathies :
- 3 " Behold the Lord hath done
 Wonders for Judah's race,
 And their redemption won,
 From all their enemies !"
 " Yes, Lord !" let every heart reply,
 " Thine was the work, but our's the joy !"

* See note A, Ps. 126.

- 4 Bring back our wanderers,
 Like torrents swift and deep ;*
 That though we sow in tears,
 In gladness we may reap !
 Yea, they who sow in tears shall come
 Rejoicing to the harvest home.

PSALM CXXVI.† P. M.

Second version—Paraphrase.

- 1 **W**HEN Jehovah the captives of Zion set free,
 And brought them to Zion's fair city again,
 So strange did it seem that like dreamers were we,
 And we laughed and sung wildly on Babylon's
 plain.
- 2 Then the heathen amazed, in astonishment cried,
 "Great things for his captives Jehovah has
 done !"
 "Yes, marvellous things," with joy, we replied,
 Let his people exult in Jehovah alone.
- 3 As the streams in the south enliven the plain,
 When the heat and the drought of the summer
 are past,
 So, Lord, may the captives of Zion again
 Return to enliven her desolate waste.
- 4 As the reaper rejoices when harvest is come,
 Though he scatters his seed with a sorrowful eye,
 So, Lord, as we travel to Zion our home,
 May our seed-time of tears bring a harvest of joy.

* See note B, Ps 126.

† See note C, Ps. 126.

PSALM CXXVII. C. M.

The necessity of God's blessing to crown all our undertakings with success.

1 **U**NLESS Jehovah build the house,
And the whole work sustain,
Our building will be fruitless toil,
And all our labour vain.

2 Unless the Lord the city guard
With his almighty arm,
No watchman can avail to ward
The citizens from harm.

3 'Tis vain to rise at early dawn,
And late to rest repair,
To eat the bread of sorrow, and
To drink the cup of care.

4 God gives his people needful rest,
And blesseth all their store ;
Yea, 'tis his blessing makes us rich,
And his appointment poor.*

5 Lo ! children are a heritage
Of those who love the Lord ;
The offspring of the fruitful womb
Is his ordained reward.†

6 As arrows in a warrior's hand,
So are our children dear ;
Thus nobly armed, we meet our foes,
Nor suffer shame nor fear.

* See note A, Ps. 127.

† See note B, Ps. 127.

PSALM CXXVIII.* C. M.

The duty and blessedness of pious married persons.

1 **B**LEST is the man who fears the Lord
 With reverential awe ;
 Whose character and ways accord
 With his most holy law.

2 For thou shalt peacefully enjoy
 The produce of thy toil,
 And providence on all thy paths
 Shall ever kindly smile.

3 Like fruitful vine, within thy house,
 Thy loving wife shall be ;
 Like olive-plants around thy board,
 Thy youthful family.

4 Behold, thus happy shall he be
 Who fears and serves the Lord ;
 And God from Zion's holy hill
 His blessing shall afford.

5 Yea, all his life he shall behold
 Jerusalem's happiness,
 A numerous offspring of his own,
 And Zion's growing peace.

PSALM CXXIX.† C. M.

The victory of the church over all her enemies.

1 “**F**ULL often have they vexed me sore,”
 May Israel truly say,

* Written off Cape Horn, lat. 59° south, 23d Sept. 1830.

† See note A, Ps. 129.

- “ Full often have they vexed me sore,
Even from my youthful day.
- 2 But, blessed be my guardian God !
Their efforts still have failed ;
Yea, though they have oppressed me sore,
Yet have they not prevailed.
- 3 The plowers plowed upon my back,
And tore my flesh away ;
They made their furrows long and deep,
Full many a painful day.*
- 4 But God the righteous rescued me
From suffering and from wrong ;
He burst the bands and broke the power
Of the ungodly throng.”
- 5 Shame and confusion and defeat
O’erwhelm all Zion’s foes !
Yea, they shall be like blasted corn
That withers while it grows.†
- 6 No reapers take it in their hands,
Or their sharp sickles wield ;
No binders gather it in sheaves
Upon the harvest field.
- 7 Neither do they who pass along
God’s blessing there implore,
Or say, “ The blessing of the Lord
Be on you evermore.”

* See note B, Ps. 129.

† See note C, Ps. 129.

PSALM CXXX.* S. M.

Prayer for the forgiveness of sins.

- 1 **L**ORD, from the depths of woe,
 I cried aloud to thee;
 Lord, hear a sinner's humble prayer,
 Hear and deliver me.
- 2 If thou should'st mark our sins,
 And all our guilt record,
 Who could abide the scrutiny
 And justice of the Lord?
- 3 But mercy dwells with thee,
 That men may seek thy face;
 My soul waits for the Lord, my hope
 Is in his word of grace.
- 4 My soul waits for the Lord
 With more desire than they,
 Who, on their sleepless beds by night,
 Watch for the dawn of day.
- 5 Let Israel hope in God,
 For mercy dwells with him.
 From all thy sins, O Israel,
 Jehovah shall redeem.

PSALM CXXXI.† L. M.

Gratitude to God for humility of mind.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast weaned my heart from pride,
 And taught me lowliness of mind;

* Written off Cape Horn, lat. 60° south, 25th Sept. 1830.

† See note A, Ps. 131.

Once to be rich and great I tried,
But now I leave these thoughts behind.

- 2 For thou, when worldly cares and joys
Disturbed my peace and broke my rest,
Didst wean my soul from vanities,
Like infant from its mother's breast.
- 3 Like weaned child, my soul, by thee,
From folly's paths was turned away.
O Israel, in the Lord trust ye;
His loving-kindness lasts for aye.

PSALM CXXXII. C. M.

Prayer of Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, for the maintenance of true religion and civil government in the land of Israel.

- 1 **L**ORD, think on David and his toils;
How to the Lord he sware,
And vowed to Jacob's mighty God
A dwelling-place to rear.
- 2 "I will not go into my house,
Nor on my bed repose;
I will not shut my eyes to sleep,
No, nor my eyelids close:
- 3 Till for the Lord Most High I fix
A permanent abode,
And find a constant dwelling-place
For Jacob's mighty God."
- 4 Behold, at Ephratah we heard
Of Zion's holy ground,
And in the forest, in the field,
The chosen spot we found.*

* See note A, Ps. 132.

- 5 To God's own tabernacle then
We'll joyfully repair,
And at his footstool raise the voice
Of undissembled prayer.
- 6 Arise, O mighty God, arise !
Enter thy place of rest,
Thou and the symbol of thy power !
And be thy people blest.
- 7 Let all thy priests and ministers
With righteousness be clad ;
Let all thy saints, O Lord, rejoice
And be exceeding glad.
- 8 For thine own servant David's sake,
O take not thou away
The sceptre of thy chosen one,
Even thine anointed's sway !*
- 9 To David God hath sworn an oath,
Nor is his promise vain,
"Thine offspring I will surely set
Upon thy throne to reign.
- 10 And if they keep my covenant,
And all my laws obey,
Their children after them shall reign
With never-ending sway."
- 11 For God hath chosen Zion's hill
For his desired abode ;
"This is my rest, beloved for aye,
The dwelling-place of God.
- 12 O I will greatly bless her food,
Her poor with bread supply,

* See note B, Ps. 132.

- And with salvation clothe her priests,
And fill her saints with joy.
- 13 There shall the horn of David's power
With growing glory shine,
For I've prepared a lamp to burn
For mine anointed's line.*
- 14 His enemies, whate'er they be,
I'll cover them with shame ;
But David's crown shall flourish still
With everlasting fame."

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

The beauty and excellence of brotherly love.

- 1 **O** 'TIS a good and comely thing
For brethren to agree,
And dwell together in the land
In peace and unity.
- 2 'Tis fragrant as the ointment poured
Of old on Aaron's head ;
That trickled down his flowing beard
And o'er his garments spread.
- 3 Refreshing as the kindly dew
That every morn distils
On Hermon's elevated heights
And Zion's fruitful hills.
- 4 On this Jehovah shall bestow
Blessings in richest store ;
His favour in this mortal state,
And life for evermore.

* See note C, Ps. 132.

PSALM CXXXIV.* L. M.

Suitable employment for the ministerial office.

- 1 **A**LL ye who stand by night or day,
Within his courts to serve the Lord,
Praise ye his holy name alway
With solemn and with sweet accord.
- 2 O lift ye up your hands and bless
The Lord who made the earth and sky.
From Zion, his own holy place,
God bless you all eternally!

PSALM CXXXV.† P. M.

A song of praise to Jehovah for his works of power and mercy.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's great name, ye people, praise,
All ye, his saints, your voices raise
In solemn sweet accord:
And ye who at his temple-gate,
Or in his courts devoutly wait,
Sing praises to the Lord.
- 2 Sing praises: O 'tis sweet to sing
The praises of our Heavenly King:
His goodness knows no measure;
In Jacob he delights to dwell,
And he hath chosen Israel
For his peculiar treasure.
- 3 Great is the Lord our God alone:
Nought but what he ordains is done
In heaven, or earth, or sea;

* See note A, Ps. 134.

† Written off Cape Horn to the southwestward.

Clouds from the earth's remotest ends,
Lightnings and rain and storm he sends
From his vast treasury.

- 4 Egypt, thy people saw his power,
And felt it in that awful hour
When all their first-born died :
And Pharaoh and his lords beheld
His wonders, when, in Zoan's field
He crushed the heathen's pride.
- 5 Great nations, kings and men of might,
Og and the royal Amorite,
Canaan's polluted race,
He swept away with vengeful hand,
And gave their cities and their land
For Israel's dwelling-place.
- 6 O Lord, eternal is thy name !
Thy power and grace are still the same,
Unchangeable and sure !
For God will yet avenge his saints,
And hear their sorrowful complaints,
Nor shall his wrath endure.
- 7 The idols of the heathen lands
Are but the work of human hands,
Of gold and silver wrought,
Though they have mouths, we hear no voice,
They cannot see us with their eyes ;
We speak, they hear us not.
- 8 They have no breath or life at all,
No power to help us when we call,
Senseless and lifeless clay :
Their makers and their worshippers,
And he that trusts them, or that fears,
Are just as blind as they.

- 9 O Israel, then, Jehovah bless ;
 Ye priests and ministers of his
 Bless God in loud accord :
 The Lord bless, ye that fear his name,
 In Zion and Jerusalem
 He dwells ; O praise the Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI. P. M.

*A song of praise to Jehovah, for his works of power
 and mercy.*

- 1 **Y**E people, praise the Lord ;
 His goodness still proclaim :
 Let all, with glad accord,
 Extol his blessed name ;
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 2 Praise God, for he is great ;
 The Lord of lords is he :
 He reigns in royal state
 And glorious majesty.
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 3 Praise ye with heart and voice
 The wonder-working God,
 Whose wisdom formed the skies,
 And spread the earth abroad.
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 4 The glorious lights above,
 The sun and moon and stars,
 Proclaim his power and love
 To all the universe.

His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 5 Egypt, thy first-born sons
Were smitten by his hand,
To work deliverance
For Israel from thy land !
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 6 A pathway through the sea
He opened by his power ;
That Israel's sons might flee
From him who would devour.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 7 But Pharaoh and his host,
Choosing that fatal path,
Were overwhelmed and lost
Through his avenging wrath.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 8 Through the vast wilderness,
With wonder-working hand,
He led his chosen race
Even to the promised land.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

- 9 Great kings and men of might,
Even famous kings he slew ;
Sihon, the Amorite,
Og, king of Bashan, too.
His mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

10 And gave their pleasant land
 To Israel's favoured sons,
 To latest time to stand
 Their choice inheritance.
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.

11 Sure, God on us has thought,
 Even in our low estate,
 And our redemption wrought
 From all who bore us hate.
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.

12 He daily giveth food
 To all the tribes of men ;
 Praise God, for he is good,
 O praise Jehovah then.
 His mercy is for ever sure,
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CXXXVII. P. M.

Lament of the captive Jews at Babylon.

1 **B**Y Babel's streams we sat,
 In Judah's evil day,
 And as we wept and thought
 Of Zion far away,
 We hung our harps in deep despair
 Upon the weeping willows there.

2 For there our spoilers said,
 " Come, strike the tuneful string ;
 Let joyful mirth be made ;
 Some song of Zion sing."
 How could our voices frame the sound
 Of Zion's songs on heathen ground ?

- 3 If I should e'er forget
 Thee, O Jerusalem,
 Or earthly pleasure set
 Above thy cherished name,
 With palsy be my arm unstrung,
 And ever speechless be my tongue.
- 4 Remember Edom, Lord !
 In Zion's awful day,
 With envious accord
 Thus did her children say,
 "Come, raze it, raze it to the ground,
 Till not one ruined arch be found."
- 5 Daughter of Babylon,
 Doomed to destruction too ;
 Even as thy sons have done,
 To thee shall others do :
 A favoured one thy little ones
 Shall dash upon the flinty stones.*

PSALM CXXXVIII. C. M.

Song of praise for the goodness of God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, with all my heart
 Thy praises I'll proclaim,
 And sing, before the heavenly hosts,
 To thy most holy name.
- 2 I will devoutly worship thee
 Within thy holy place,
 And praise thy name even for thy truth,
 And for thy saving grace.
- 3 For thou hast made thy holy name
 All glorious, all divine,

* See note A, Ps. 137

- Even through the volume of thy book,
That blessed word of thine.*
- 4 And thou hast heard my humble prayer,
Whene'er I cried to thee ;
Yea, thou my fainting soul, O Lord,
Hast strengthened powerfully.
- 5 Lord, all the princes of the earth
Shall praise thy glorious name,
When they shall hear thy ministers
'Thy blessed word proclaim.
- 6 Yea, walking in the ways of God,
They shall devoutly sing,
"Great is the glory of the Lord,
Our everlasting king!†
- 7 For though the Lord be high, yet he
Regards the lowly one ;
But all the proud he drives away
Far from his glorious throne."
- 8 Though my appointed path should lead
Through trouble and distress,
Thou wilt revive me, gracious Lord,
Nor let my foe oppress.
- 9 Thine hand uplifted shall afford
Relief in evil days,
And thine Almighty arm protect
From wrathful enemies.
- 10 Yea, God, all-gracious, will complete
The work he has begun,
Nor will he leave that work until
My heavenly prize is won.‡

* Luther.

† Luther.

‡ Genevan Bible.

PSALM CXXXIX.* I. M.

Song of praise in celebration of the omniscience and omnipresence, the almighty power and the infinite wisdom of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched my heart and ways,
And known me from my earliest days:
My rising up and lying down,
Yea, all my thoughts to thee are known.
- 2 Whether I rest or walk abroad,
Thou art around me, O my God,†
And thou beholdest all my path,
From childhood till my day of death.
- 3 There's not a thought within my breast,
But, ere it is in words expressed,
Thou knowest it entirely, long
Before it has escaped my tongue.
- 4 In every place and every hour
I stand encompassed by thy power,
And thine outstretched, almighty hand
Is o'er me both by sea and land.
- 5 Amazing knowledge ! how can I
Conceive its vast infinity ?
It far exceeds the highest reach,
Of human thought and human speech !
- 6 Lord, whither could I hope to run,
Thy all-pervading spirit to shun,
Or whither from thy presence flee ?
To heaven or hell, or land or sea ?

* Written near the South Shetland Islands, to the southward and eastward of Cape Horn, thermometer 24 degrees of Fahrenheit.

† Luther.

- 7 If I ascend the heavenly height,
Lord, thou art there in glory bright !
If, with the children of despair,
I sleep in hell, Lord, thou art there !
- 8 If on the morning's wings I flee
And dwell beyond the farthest sea,
There thou should'st lead me, and thy hand
Uphold me in the distant land !
- 9 Or, if I say, " Let darkness be
My covering, O my God, from thee ;"
Then shall the darkest shades of night
Shine all around me as the light.
- 10 Yea, darkness, Lord, can ne'er disguise
From thine all-penetrating eyes ;
To thee the darkness shines as bright,
As the clear sun's meridian light.
- 11 My mind, that secret work of thine,
Proclaims thy hidden power divine :
That power inspired my senseless clay,
When in my mother's womb I lay.*
- 12 O God, my maker, how divine
Is this amazing frame of mine !
My soul shall gratefully record
The work of wonder, mighty Lord.
- 13 Deep and unseen my substance lay
A shapeless mass of lifeless clay :
Thy wisdom drew the wondrous plan
And formed the likeness of a man.†
- 14 Thine eyes my unfinished form beheld ;
Thy power its various parts revealed,

* See note A, Ps. 139.

† See note B, Ps. 139.

Each in the form ordained by thee
And modelled from eternity.

- 15 How can I reckon or record
Thy thoughts of love to me, O Lord !
If I should count them, they are more
Than grains of sand upon the shore.
- 16 O, endless were the long account,
And infinite the vast amount !
For daily I should still record
New thoughts of mercy, gracious Lord !*
- 17 God will assuredly destroy
The wicked, who his power defy
And scorn his grace. Hence from me then
Ye wicked and ye bloody men !
- 18 For wicked men for ends profane
Take God's all-glorious name in vain ;
Yea, with the tongues which thou hast given,
'They speak against thee, God of heaven !
- 19 My soul regards with grief and pain
And hatred all such wicked men !
Yea, I count those my enemies
Who hate the Lord, and scorn his grace.
- 20 Search me, O God, and know my heart !
O search my spirit's inmost part !
Cleanse me from all iniquity !
Lead me to life, to heaven, to thee !

* See note C, Ps. 139.

PSALM CXL. C. M.

Prayer for deliverance from hidden and open enemies.

- 1 FROM wicked and ungodly men,
O Lord, deliver me,
And from the man of violence
O keep me safe and free.
- 2 Mischief is ever in their hearts;
Their chief employ is war;
Sharp as the serpent's are their tongues,
Their lips envenomed are.
- 3 O Lord, preserve me from their hands
And from their every art,
For in their malice they have sworn
My goings to subvert.
- 4 The proud have hid their artful snares
Along my daily path,
And spread their nets and gins to work
My downfall and my death.
- 5 But I to God uplift my voice,
Thou art my God alone,
Hear thou my lowly prayer, O Thou
Most High and Holy One!
- 6 O Lord, my God, thy strength has oft
Wrought my deliverance,
And in the day of battle been
My bulwark and defence.*
- 7 Grant not the wicked's artful wish,
Nor give their schemes success;

* Luther.

- Lest they exalt themselves and sweep
The righteous from their place.
- 8 But let the evil their deceit
Unjustly meant for me,
Descending on their guilty heads,
Their just requital be.*
- 9 Yea, even with lightnings from above
And flames from earth below,
God shall in vengeance smite them all
And wholly overthrow.
- 10 For dire misfortune shall attend
The slanderer till he die,
And hunt the sons of malice till
They perish utterly.†
- 11 Because I know the Lord will still
Uphold the contrite one,
Nor e'er forsake the righteous till
Their foes are overthrown.
- 12 Yea, all thy people, blessed God,
Thy name shall still adore,
And in thy presence dwell in peace
And bliss for evermore.

PSALM CXLI. S. M.

Prayer for help and deliverance.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I cry,
In this afflictive hour;
Haste to my succour; hear my voice;
Uphold me by thy power.

* Luther.

† Luther.

- 2 As incense let my prayer
Ascend before thine eyes,
And the uplifting of my hands
As th' evening sacrifice.
- 3 Lord, set a constant watch
Before my mouth and lips ;
O keep my heart from loving sin,
From evil guard my steps.
- 4 Lest I should learn the works
And ways of wicked men,
Or seek the false and fading joys
Of folly and of sin.
- 5 Let good men smite me, Lord,
Whene'er I go astray,
I shall esteem them kind to me,
And for their welfare pray.*
- 6 Their bitterest reproof
I'll joyfully endure ;
Like balsam to a wounded head,
'Twere only meant to cure.
- 7 Yea, when their sorrow comes
And their calamity,
I'll lift my voice on their behalf
In humble prayer to thee.
- 8 Yes ! when the wicked's chiefs
On yonder hills are slain,
My words shall then be sweet as dew
And pleasant as the rain.
- 9 Yet, Lord, around the grave
Our whitening bones are strewed,

* See note A, Ps. 141.

Like falling splinters from the axe
Of him who cleaveth wood.

- 10 But still to thee, O Lord,
My God, mine eyes I turn;
Thou art my only hope and trust;
O leave me not forlorn!
- 11 Preserve me from the snares
My foes have laid for me,
Even from the craftiness of those
Who work iniquity.
- 12 Yea, let malicious men
Be taken in the snare
They laid themselves, while I escape
Through thy paternal care.

PSALM CXLII. C. M.

Prayer for a time of trouble.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I cry aloud
With supplicating voice;
Yea, all my trouble and complaints
I spread before thine eyes.
- 2 For when my soul's o'erwhelmed with grief,
And men beset my way,
With hidden snares, thou comfortest
And mak'st my darkness day,*
- 3 I look on my right hand, but lo!
There's none to know me there!
Where can I flee for help, for men
Would leave me to despair?

* See note A, Ps. 142.

- 4 O Lord, to thee alone I cry,
 Thou art my hope and stay,
 My portion in the land of life
 And everlasting day.
- 5 Hear my complaint,* for I am still
 In very sore distress,
 And save me from the men of might
 Who vex me and oppress.
- 6 From prison set me free, that I
 May celebrate thy praise,
 And all thy saints around admire
 Thy goodness and thy grace.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

The Penitent's prayer of faith.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my prayer ; in mercy hear
 My sorrowful complaints,
 And in thy faithfulness and love
 Answer me, King of Saints.
- 2 At thy tremendous judgment seat,
 O let me not be tried ;
 For sure no living man can stand
 Before thee justified.
- 3 Already hath the foe pursued
 And thrust me to the ground,
 And shut me in his prison-house,
 Where darkness reigns around,
- 4 There, like the long-forgotten dead,
 I dwell and daily mourn,

* Luther.

- My spirit overwhelmed with grief
And my heart all forlorn.
- 5 But when I call to mind the days,
When thine Almighty power
And miracles of grace were seen
In Israel's evil hour,
- 6 Then, full of hope, I stretch my hands
To thee, my God, again,
And my soul longs and thirsts for thee,
As parched lands for rain.
- 7 My spirit faints; O hear me, Lord,
And tarry not to save,
Nor longer hide thy blessed face,
But rescue from the grave.
- 8 O cause me speedily to hear,*
Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Because I trust in thee alone;
My hope is in thy word.
- 9 Yea, cause my longing soul to know
The way that I should go,
And guard me, for I flee to thee,
From every wrathful foe.
- 10 Teach me to do thy will, O thou
That art my God alone:
And in the way to heaven, let thy
Good spirit lead me on.
- 11 Revive me, Lord, whene'er I faint
In trouble here below;
In thy benevolence redeem
My soul from endless woe.

* Luther.

- 12 All who afflict thy servant, Lord,
And all who hate my peace,
In mercy silence or destroy
Till all their malice cease.

PSALM CXLIV. C. M.

Song of praise to God for past mercies, and prayer for future.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
The God of power and might,
For he hath armed my hands for war
And strengthened me to fight.
- 2 The Lord is ever good to me ;
My fortress and my tower,
My strong deliverer and my shield
When foes would overpower.
- 3 He is my trust and sure defence
From every enemy ;
He makes the Gentile nations yield
Submissively to me.
- 4 O what is man, that he should thus
Become thy care, O Lord ?
Or what the son of man, that thou
Should'st view him with regard ?
- 5 Man is as nothing in thy sight :*
His life's contracted day,
Even as a passing shadow's form,
Flies rapidly away.
- 6 Lord, bend the heavens ; in might descend ;
Touch thou the mountains high,

* Luther.

- And volumes of ascending smoke
Shall darken all the sky.
- 7 Cast forth thy dreadful lightnings, Lord,
And scatter them abroad,
Dart thy destructive shafts around,
And show thy might, O God !
- 8 From heaven thy majesty display ;
And from the rolling wave,
Even from the bands of foreign men,
O rescue me and save.
- 9 Save me from men whose intercourse
Is profitless and vile,
Whose words and oaths and covenants,
Are falsehood, fraud and guile.
- 10 So shall I gladly sing to thee
A new song, O my God ;
Yea, on the ten-stringed psaltery,
I'll sing thy praise abroad.
- 11 " 'Tis God alone who saveth kings,
And safety still affords
To David from his wrathful foes
And their destructive swords.
- 12 Save us, O God, from foreign men,
Whose words are vain and vile,
Whose covenants and promises,
Are falsehood, fraud and guile.
- 13 So shall our sons grow tall and strong,
Each like a cedar tree,
Our daughters, like the polished stones
In David's palace, be.
- 14 So shall our barns be ever full
And rich abundance yield,

- And our prolific flocks bring forth
Thousands in every field.
- 15 So shall the labouring ox be strong
To ply his daily toil,
Nor loss, nor injury, nor complaint
Be heard of all the while.*
- 16 Happy are they whose lot is cast
In such a state as this,
But happier far the people are
Whose God Jehovah is."

PSALM CXLV.† L. M.

Song of praise to God for his goodness and mercy.

- 1 I'LL thee extol, my God and king,
And bless thy holy name always;
Each day I rise I'll gladly sing,
Nor ever cease to sing, thy praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord : great be his praise !
His greatness none can comprehend.
Thy mighty works race unto race
Shall ever praise, time without end.
- 3 The splendour of thy majesty
And works of wonder I'll record ;
And myriads shall recount with me
Thy dreadful acts, Almighty Lord.
- 4 With grateful heart and joyful tongue
Thy wondrous goodness they shall show ;
Thy love divine shall be their song,
While years on years successive flow.

* Luther.

† See note A, Ps. 145.

- 5 All-gracious and compassionate,
To mercy swift, to anger slow,
God's mercies, manifold and great,
Are over all his works below.
- 6 Yea, God is good to all : O Lord,
Thy mighty works proclaim thy praise ;
And all thy saints with glad accord,
Shall bless thy holy name always.
- 7 Thy glorious kingdom and thy power,
And mighty acts their theme shall be ;
That men may know thee and adore,
And see thy kingdom's majesty.
- 8 Thy throne and sceptre shall endure
Unchangeably secure for aye,
And thy dominion firm and sure,
Shall ne'er be shaken nor decay.
- 9 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The downcast raises and relieves ;
All creatures for thy bounty call,
And timely food thy bounty gives.
- 10 Thy boundless liberality
Supplies whate'er their wants require ;
Whatever lives looks up to thee,
Thou satisfiest its desire.
- 11 The Lord is good in all his ways,
Benignant in his works each one ;
And all shall know his saving grace,
Who call in truth on Him alone.
- 12 God will the just desire fulfil
Of all who are his saints indeed ;
Their cry regard and hear he will,
And save them in the time of need.

- 13 God will preserve and richly bless
 All those who love him in their heart ;
 But those who practise wickedness
 He will destroy and clean subvert.
- 14 My tongue shall joyfully proclaim
 Jehovah's praise for evermore :
 O let all mankind bless his name,
 In every age, on every shore.

PSALM CXLVI.* C. M.

God, the trust and confidence of his people.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, praise God the Lord.
 I'll praise God all my days,
 Even till my latest breath is drawn
 I'll sing Jehovah's praise.
- 2 Trust not in kings, for they are men ;
 They cannot help nor save :
 Ere long they die, and their designs
 Are buried in the grave.†
- 3 Blest is the man whom Jacob's God
 Shall from all ill defend,
 Who trusts in God, and who hath still
 Th' Almighty for his friend.
- 4 For God made heaven and earth and sea,
 And all that they contain ;
 True is his word for evermore,
 Nor is his promise vain.
- 5 The Lord relieves the oppressed from wrong,
 And bids their sorrows cease ;

* See note A. Ps. 146.

† See note B, Ps. 146.

He feeds the hungry, and he gives
The prisoners their release.

6 Jehovah gives the blind their sight,
Uplifts the bowed down ;
He loves the righteous, and rewards
With an unfading crown.

7 Jehovah succours and preserves
The strangers in the land ;
He is the widow's strong support,
The orphan's help at hand.

8 But wicked men shall feel his wrath,
And perish at his frown ;
And all their monuments of power
Be thrown ignobly down.

9 Zion, thy mighty God, the Lord,
Shall reign for evermore.
O let his praise, in sweetest sounds,
Be sung from shore to shore.

PSALM CXLVII.* L. M.

Song of praise to God for his goodness and mercy.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
Be this, my soul, thy sweet employ,
Thy welcome task, thy chiefest joy.

2 The Lord rebuilds Jerusalem's walls,
And Israel's scattered race recalls,

* Written in the South Atlantic Ocean during a violent gale from the southeast, immediately before which the barometer on board was observed to rise to the very unusual height of 32 inches and upwards.

- Though far dispersed the world around,
To Zion's blest and holy ground.
- 3 He healeth all the broken hearts,
And balsam to their wounds imparts.
He numbers yonder starry frames,
And calls them by their several names.
- 4 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
His wisdom's vast and infinite;
He lifts the meek from depths profound,
But casts the wicked to the ground.
- 5 Sing to the Lord a grateful song;
With tuneful harp his praise prolong,
Whose gathering clouds discharge their rain
To make the mountains green again.
- 6 He gives the beast of prey his food,
And satisfies the raven's brood.
He daily hears their plaintive cry,
And sends the requisite supply.
- 7 He prizes not the warlike horse,
Nor the strong man's resistless force:
But all who love him and revere
And trust in him, to God are dear.
- 8 O praise the Lord, Jerusalem,
Zion, extol Jehovah's name:
Like walls of brass, his providence
Is thy protection and defence.
- 9 Thy sons are by his bounty blest
With wholesome food and needful rest:
They pine not o'er a scanty store,
Nor ever hear the voice of war.

- 10 His irresistible command
 Jehovah sends throughout the land;
 Nor does the speedy mandate run
 More swiftly than its work is done.
- 11 His flaky snow falls thick around;
 His hoar-frost overspreads the ground;
 His driving hail falls loud and fast;*
 O who can stand his piercing blast?
- 12 Jehovah sends his word again,
 A rapid thaw succeeds amain:
 At his command the warm winds blow,
 And twice ten thousand torrents flow.
- 13 But choicer gifts of heavenly grace
 He gives to Abram's chosen race:
 His word to Jacob he hath shown;
 His laws to Israel are known.
- 14 Blessings so great were never given
 To any nation under heaven;
 For others ne'er have heard his word
 Or known his grace. Praise ye the Lord!

PSALM CXLVIII.* P. M.

All creatures summoned to praise God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of heaven confess,
 On high his glory raise.
 Him let all angels bless,
 Him all his armies praise.
 Him glorify
 Sun, moon, and stars;
 Ye higher spheres,
 And cloudy sky.

* Luther.

† See note A, Ps. 148.

- 2 All ye from nothing came,
At his creating word;
O, therefore, bless his name,
And magnify the Lord.
His wisdom hath
Assigned you all,
Where'er you roll,
Your changeless path.
- 3 Praise God on earth below,
Praise him, sea-monsters, deeps,
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall;
Beasts wild and tame;
- 4 Creatures that creep or fly,
Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
Judges and princes high;
Both men and virgins young,
Even young and old,
Exalt his name;
For much his fame
Should be extolled.
- 5 O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky;
For he his saints hath raised,
And set their home on high;
Praise ye the Lord,
O Israel's race,
Who know his grace,
And hear his word.

PSALM CXLIX. P. M.

*Hallelujah !*In the measure of the Portuguese Hymn--*Adeste fideles*.

- 1 **Y**E saints who assemble Jehovah to praise,
 O sing a new song to the praise of his grace.
 Let his people rejoice while their Maker they sing :
 Let the children of Zion exult in their King.
- 2 Let them sing when they march in procession
 along,*
 While the harp and the timbrel accord with their
 song :
 For the Lord loves his saints, though the wicked
 may scorn,
 And with crowns of salvation the meek will adorn.
- 3 Rejoice, O ye saints, and exult while ye sing
 Aloud on your beds to your God and your King,
 For the praise of Jehovah again ye shall hymn,
 And a sword in your right hands shall terribly
 gleam :
- 4 To accomplish the sentence pronounced by the
 Lord,
 On the nations who scoff at his saints and his
 word ;
 Their kings and their nobles in fetters to chain,
 That the power of the wicked be felt not again.
- 5 For the vengeance of God is committed to them,
 Who love and adore his all-wonderful name.
 Such honour and triumph are pledged in his word,
 To the saints of Jehovah. O praise ye the Lord !

* See Note A, Ps. 149.

PSALM CXLIX. C. M.

Second Version.

- 1 **O** SING a new song to the Lord,
Ye saints, your voices raise,
In full assembly when ye meet,
To sing Jehovah's praise.
- 2 Let Israel in his Maker joy,
And his high praises sing:
Let Zion's children all exult
And triumph in their King.
- 3 In grave procession let them march,
And praise him in the song:
And let the timbrel and the harp
The melody prolong.
- 4 For God takes pleasure in his saints,
Although the world may scorn;
And with salvation's glorious dress,
The humble will adorn.
- 5 O let the righteous then exult,
And triumph in their King;
And on their beds in joyful strains
Jehovah's praises sing.
- 6 For soon, in more exalted strains,
They shall extol the Lord,
While in their hands each one shall wield
A sharp two-edged sword;
- 7 To execute the vengeance due
On all the sinful race,

And visit with just punishment
The scorers of his grace.

8 To bind in fetters strong their kings,
Who once held high command,
And to enchain with iron chains
The princes of their land.

9 To execute the sentence formed
Recorded in his word.
Yea, all the righteous shall enjoy
Such honour. Praise the Lord.

PSALM CL. C. M.

Hallelujah !

1 **W**ITHIN his temple, praise the Lord,
Ye who have known his love.
Praise him in yonder heavenly place,
Ye angel hosts above.

2 Praise him when ye his mighty acts -
With grateful hearts review.
Great is the glory of the Lord :
Great be his praises too !

3 Let the loud trumpet's voice be heard
Amid your songs of praise :
Let psalteries and melodious harps
Their softer music raise.

4 When marching slowly to the sound
Of timbrels, praise the Lord,
While organs and stringed instruments
Harmoniously accord.

- 5 Let the clear cymbals' shriller note,
The cymbals sounding high,
Resound while ye extol the Lord,
Who rules the earth and sky.
- 6 Yea, let all creatures that have life
The joyful anthem raise
To God's great name ! To God the Lord
Be everlasting praise.

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

PSALM II.—A.

Why do the heathen rage?
Their princes and their kings
With Judah's sons engage
In vain imaginings!

The words *heathen* and *people* in the first verse of this psalm designate, respectively, the Gentiles and the Jews. It is thus translated in the old version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

PSALM V.—A.

But I into thy house will go,
Through thine abundant grace,
And in thy fear devoutly bow
Within thy holy place.

The meaning of this verse is as follows. I will go into the house of God, i. e. within the courts of the temple on Mount Zion, and worship the Lord, with my face turned towards the sanctum sanctorum, or *most holy place*, where the presence of God was more immediately manifested, but into which neither the people nor the priests, with the exception of the high priest once a year, were permitted to enter. As this, however, is by no means evident to an English reader, I prefer rendering the psalmist's

meaning by the phrase, *within thy holy place*, rather than by the one used in our version, *toward thy holy place*; for it cannot be doubted that the psalmist merely expresses, in the language of a Jew, his determination to perform acts of spiritual worship, *within* the house of God.

PSALM VI.—A.

Consumed with grief, my wasted frame
Looks old, and all my foes rejoice.

Luther's translation of the seventh (German, eighth) verse of this psalm, is, *Meine gestalt istverfallen vor trauren, und ist alt worden: deun ich allenthalben geängstiget werde. My form or appearance is fallen, from sorrow, and become old: for I am tormented on all sides.* I have adopted Luther's translation of the former clause, and adhered to the English version in the latter. The idea, I conceive, which the psalmist intends to convey is, that through excess of sorrow and extreme affliction, his frame was so wasted away as to exhibit, prematurely, the appearance of old age; insomuch that his enemies rejoiced at seeing him, in the prospect of his speedy dissolution.

PSALM VII.—A.

The mischief-plotting sinner see
All pregnant with iniquity!
The offspring of his malice still
Is shame and self-requited ill.

Luther's translation of the 14th (German, 15th) verse of this psalm is, *Siehe, der hat böses, im sinn, mit unglück ist er schwanger: er wird abereinen fehl geben.* *Behold, he who conceiveth iniquity is pregnant with misfortune, and shall bring forth an abortion.* The instances that follow fully evince the propriety of this translation, which I have accordingly adopted. The English

version of the passage, which is, *Behold, he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood*, is scarcely intelligible.

PSALM IX.—A.

I have in general retained the old metrical version of this psalm; and in those parts of it in which I have deemed it necessary to alter that version, I have endeavoured as much as possible to preserve the style and manner of the olden time, that the amended version may not exhibit the anomalous appearance of a piece of new cloth sewed upon an old garment.

B.

O enemy, thy cruel sword
No longer brings dismay;
Thy cities overthrown, thy name
Has perished now for aye.

Luther's translation of this verse, which I have followed, is, *Die schwertter des feindes haben ein ende, die städte hast du umgekehret: ihr gedächtniss ist unkommen samt ihuen.* "The swords of the enemy have an end; his cities hast thou razed; their memory is perished with them." The English version is, "O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: and thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them."

C.

That I in Zion's blessed courts,
May celebrate thy praise.

Literally, *in the gates of the daughter of Zion*. The temple of Solomon was beautifully styled by the Hebrews, *The Daughter of Zion*. To celebrate the praise of the Lord in the gates of the daughter of Zion, is, therefore, to join in the exercises of prayer and praise in the house of God.

PSALM X.

A.

I have been induced, on mature consideration, to prefer Luther's translation of this psalm to the authorized English version. When viewed through the medium of the English version, it exhibits a want of connection, which, however, does not appear in the German translation, and which, the following outline of its contents will show, does not exist.

The psalm commences with an abrupt but earnest prayer for deliverance from the intolerable yoke of the wicked, whose character and conduct are then described in the liveliest colours, evidently with a view to strengthen the psalmist's prayer. The prayer for deliverance is accordingly resumed in a direct manner towards the close of the psalm; first, in the language of expostulation, and afterwards, in that of confident assurance of deliverance. At length, a prophetic vision of the entire destruction of the wicked, and of the universal prevalence of peace and holiness in the glorious reign of Messiah, bursts upon the psalmist's view, and induces him to conclude the psalm in the language of gratitude and praise.

B.

Relentless, proud and fierce,
The wicked reign secure,
Combining with malignant arts,
To persecute the poor.

Luther's translation of this verse, which I have adopted, is, *Weil der gottlose übermuth breibet, muss der elende leiden: sie hengen sich an einauder, und erdencken böse tücke.* "When the wicked exercise their haughty spirit, the poor must mourn; they cleave together, and excogitate evil devices."

C.

Boasting their great success,
And doating on their hoard,
They bless their own prosperity,
While they blaspheme the Lord.

Luther's translation of this verse, which, I am strongly inclined to believe, is more accordant with the mind of the psalmist than that of our translators, and which I have accordingly followed, is, *Denn der gottlose rühmet sich seineg muthwellens; und der geitzige segnet sich, und lästert den Herrn.* "For the wicked glories in his wickedness, and the covetous blesseth himself, and blasphemeth the Lord."

The translation of this verse in the old Genevan Bible is, "For the wicked hath made boast of his own heart's desire, and the covetous blesseth himself; he contemneth the Lord."

PSALM XII.

A.

How precious are thy words, O God,
More comfort they inspire,
Than heaps of silver, purified
In the refiner's fire.

Silver, seven times purified, was not merely supposed to have reached the utmost degree of fineness to which the metal could be brought, but acquired, in consequence of its superior fineness and the loss of weight it necessarily underwent in the process of refining, a much higher value in the market. As the value or preciousness of silver was therefore expressed by the degree of fineness to which it had reached, it seems to me that that quality, and not its purity, is the point of comparison in the present instance, when the psalmist likens the pure words of God to the finest silver.

PSALM XVI.

A.

O God, Thou High and Holy One,
 Thou source of lasting peace,
 On thy benignity alone
 Rests all my happiness.

For all the gods the sons of men
 With blinded zeal adore,
 And worship with oblations vain,
 I utterly abhor.

Luther's translation of the second and third verses of this psalm is as follows: *Ich habe gesagt zu dem Herrn, Du bist ja der Herr, ich muss um deiner willen leiden, Für die heiligen, so auf erden sind: und für die herrlichen, au denen hab ich all mein gefallen.* "I have said to the Lord, thou art indeed the Lord, I must suffer for thy sake; for (or, on account of) the saints who are on earth: and for the glorious ones in whom I have all my pleasure."

If I could discern any authority in the original for this version, I should willingly adopt it, as it certainly exhibits a view of the psalm much more in accordance with the close of it than the authorized version. I have followed the view of the psalm taken by French and Skinner.

PSALM XVII.

A.

With watchful malice they beset
 My steps where'er I go;
 They follow me with artful guile
 To work my overthrow.

The English translation of this verse is, "They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes

bowing down to the earth." That of Luther's version is, *Wo wir gehen, so umgeben sie uns: ihre augen richten sie dahin, dass sie uns zur erden stürzen.* "Wherever we go, they surround us; they direct their eyes (to ascertain) how they may throw us violently to the ground." I prefer the German version, which I have accordingly followed, for the following reason. The latter clause in the English version neither corresponds with the former clause, nor expresses an intelligible idea in itself; whereas, in the German version, it exactly tallies with the corresponding member of the sentence, and adds to the general idea just what that other member requires to complete the sense. In the former part of the sentence, the wicked are represented as tracking the psalmist wherever he goes, and at last completely surrounding him, for which reason they are immediately thereafter compared to a hungry lion pursuing his prey; in the latter, they are represented as ready to rush in upon their victim, whom they have just closed around, and are therefore compared to a young lion lying in his covert with his eyes intensely fixed on some unfortunate traveller, on whom he is just about to make the fatal spring.

In the old Genevan Bible, this verse is as follows: "They have compassed us now in our steps; they have set their eyes to bring down to the ground." It perfectly accords with Luther's translation.

B.

And rescue me from wicked men
With thine avenging sword.

Luther's translation of this verse is as follows: *Herr, mache dich auf, über wältige ihn: und demuthige ihn; errette meine seele von den gottlosen mit deinem schwerdt.* "O Lord, arise, overpower him, and humble him: deliver my soul from the wicked with thy sword."

In the old Genevan Bible, this verse is translated as in Luther's version, "Up Lord, disappoint him—cast

him down: deliver my soul from the wicked with thy sword."

The phrase, *my soul*, in this verse, as in many similar passages throughout the psalms, is a mere Hebraism for *myself*, or rather *my person*. The literal translation of such phrases, which, in English, can have no meaning, tends very much to conceal the beauty and the energy of the word of God from the mere English reader, while it induces the dangerous habit of using scriptural phrases without attaching any definite meaning to them. In every language there are various expressions which are altogether incapable of a literal translation into any other language, and which it would therefore be preposterous to translate literally.

C.

Save me, O God, from worldly men,
To whom thine hand has given
The portion of their choice on earth,
Without one thought of heaven.

Thou fillest them with corn and wine,
And all their hearts love best;
Their children have abundance too,
And leave their heirs the rest.

The fourteenth verse of this psalm must evidently have been, in great measure, unintelligible to our translators. At all events, their version of it is almost entirely, if not wholly, unintelligible. Luther's version, which, I conceive, is greatly to be preferred, and which I have accordingly adopted, is as follows: Von den leuten deiner hand, Herr, von den leuten dieser welt; welche ihr theil haben in ihrem leben, welchen du den bauch füttest mit deinem schatz; die da kinder die fülle haben, und lassen ihr übriges ihren jungen. "From the people of thine hand, O Lord, from the people of this world; who have their portion in their life, whose belly

thou fillest with thy treasure; their children also have abundance, and leave their overplus to their offspring."

In the old Genevan Bible this verse is translated as follows: "From men of thine hand, O Lord, from men of the world, who have their portion in this life, whose bellies thou fillest with thine hid treasure: their children have enough, and leave the rest of their substance for their children."

PSALM XVIII.

A.

Death and his terrors stood around!

Fearful I saw the rising wave

Of wicked men! Already bound

In the firm fetters of the grave,

My soul had almost sunk beneath

The overpowering shafts of death.

The gradation of ideas which the original undoubtedly exhibits in the fourth and fifth verses of this psalm, is not properly brought out in our version by the phrases, *sorrows of death, floods of ungodly men, sorrows of hell, snares of death*. The corresponding phrases in Luther's version are, *To des bande, Bäche Belial, Höllen bande, To des bande, cords of death, floods or streams of Belial, cords of hell, arrows of death*. The gradation intended by the psalmist may, I conceive, be exhibited as follows: In the first place, he represents himself as surrounded by the terrors of death. In the second place, these terrors are represented as assuming a definite shape and personification, as occasioned by multitudes of ungodly men or evil angels (Belial) ready, like a rising inundation, to overwhelm him. In the third place, the ungodly men have actually succeeded in subduing him, and have bound him fast in fetters as a victim destined to the grave; and in the last place, they have almost or indeed wholly overpowered him with the weapons or arrows of

death (lethal weapons) when he cries to God for deliverance. For although all these expressions have a far different meaning, as applied to spiritual things, and especially to the sufferings of Christ, which they undoubtedly predicted, their primary reference is to the scenes and circumstances of temporal death brought about by the violence of men.

The phrase in the fifth verse rendered by our translators, *the snares of death prevented me*, is in Luther's version, *des to des stricken über wältigten mich*, *the arrows of death overpowered me*. I do not know what meaning our translators may have attached to the word *prevent*, both in this instance and in a similar one, which the reader will find in Job xli. 11., but I have no hesitation in preferring Luther's translation.

The word corresponding to *prevent* in the old Geneva Bible is, *overtooke*.

B.

Dense volumes of sulphureous smoke
 He breathed around him; fiery flame
 Out from his mouth incessant broke,
 Devouring wheresoe'er it came.

Luther translates the eighth verse (the ninth, according to the German mode of enumeration) as follows: *Dampf ging auf von seiner nasen: und verzehrend feuer von seinem numde, dass es davon blitzete.* "Dense vapour or smoke issued from his nostrils; and consuming fire from his mouth, so that it lightened from it."

C.

The ocean then forsook its bed,
 And all its billows rolled away;
 Then were the earth's foundations laid
 All open to the gaze of day:
 At thy rebuke, the floods fled fast,
 Lord, at thy nostrils' fiery blast.

I apprehend the whole compass of poetry, whether sacred or profane, does not afford a more magnificent idea than the one embodied in this stanza, corresponding with the fifteenth verse of the psalm; but it is only in such circumstances, as those in which I write at this moment, that it can possibly be felt in all its magnificence and sublimity. Our good ship has lately been seven weeks in merely crossing the vast Pacific Ocean—the largest body of water on the face of the globe—during most of which time she was impelled by violent westerly gales, both night and day. She is now in the middle of the Southern Atlantic,—the second largest body of water on the face of the earth—holding her rapid course to the northward. But the psalmist tells us in the passage in question, that at one blast from the nostrils of Jehovah—a metaphor borrowed from a horse or other animal snorting, i. e. suddenly and angrily impelling a stream of air from his nostrils—the whole waters of both of these mighty oceans, and of all the other oceans and seas on this globe of the earth, would be swept completely away, so that their channels would be left dry, and the deep foundations of the earth discovered.

D.

He gives me strength to meet my foe,
And bend the stoutest iron bow.

Luther's version of the latter clause of the 34th (German 35th) verse, is, Und lehret meinen arm einen ehernen bogen spannen. "And instructs (Scotice learns) my arm to bend an iron bow." That this is the proper version of the passage, and that our translators were mistaken in rendering the word in the original, *break* instead of *bend*, will appear evident to the reader when he reflects, that to break a bow of iron could be of no service, whereas, strength to bend such a bow must have been of great service in military operations. Besides, to

break an iron bow was never a test of strength, but we know, from profane history, that to bend such a bow was the most decisive test of muscular strength to which a man could be subjected. It is related by Herodotus "that when Cambyzes, king of Persia, was about to undertake an expedition against the Macrobian Ethiopians, the king of the latter sent him, by his own heralds, a bow of formidable appearance, telling him that when his subjects should be able to bend that bow with the same ease with which he could bend it himself, he might then with superior forces venture to attack the Ethiopians."

The bow was accordingly handed successively to all the nobles in attendance; but the only one who had strength to bend it was Smerdis, the king's own brother, a prince of great muscular strength, and greatly beloved by the people. The success of this unfortunate prince, however, in attempting to bend the Scythian bow, cost him his life; for the tyrant, jealous of his undeniable superiority and great popularity, had him privately murdered.

E.

Thy loving-kindness made me great.

Luther translates the latter clause of the 35th (German 36th) verse, which, in our version is, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," Wenn du mich demüthigest, machest du mich gross; "When thou humblest me, thou makest me great." I have adhered, however, to the English version.

PSALM XIX.—A.

Like hero, gladly runs his race.

Und freuet sich wie ein held, zu lauffen den weg.
And rejoices, like a hero to run the race."—*Luther.*

B.

He rises in the distant east,
And travels to the distant west;
Around the heavens his chariot's whirled.

Sie gehet auf an einem ende des himmels und läuft um bis wieder an dasselbe ende. "She (die soune, the sun is fem. in German) rises at one end of heaven, and runs around again to the same end."—*Luther*.

C.

Far sweeter to the taste they are
Than virgin-honey—sweeter far.

Virgin-honey is that which drops first from the honey-comb, and is esteemed the best.

D.

Counsel and warning too they give.

Auch wird dein knecht durch sie erinnert. "Thy servant also is admonished through them."—*Luther*.

E.

O who can tell how oft he sins!
From hidden sins do thou me cleanse!
From wilful sin, O Lord, restrain,
Nor let it o'er thy servant reign!

Wer kaun menken wie oft er fehlet. "Who can mark how often he transgresses!"—*Luther*.

I have also followed Luther's version in the translation I have given of the word in this verse rendered *secret* by our translators, but which Luther translates *verborgene*, *hidden* or *concealed*. I have done so, because there is an evident antithesis between the two species of sin, from

which the psalmist, in this passage, prays to be cleansed and restrained. The first of these is *hidden*, not *secret sins*, i. e. *sins of ignorance*, sins which escape the notice of the individual who commits them, because his hardened heart and his habit of sinning from his youth up, prevent him from taking note of numberless sins, for which he must obtain the divine forgiveness, or otherwise perish under the wrath of God. The second species of sin, of which the psalmist speaks in this passage, is *wilful* or *presumptuous sins*, i. e. *sins against light and knowledge and partial conviction*. From the former of these he prays to be cleansed, because they spring from a defiled and polluted nature, which can only be cleansed by the spirit of God through the washing of regeneration. From the latter, he prays to be kept back or restrained, because they spring from a headstrong and obstinately perverse will. Now, I apprehend, that the latter is just the character of what are properly called *secret sins*, or *sins committed in secret*. They are, in an especial manner, sins against light and knowledge and conviction: *presumptuous* are they, in the highest sense of the word, and they who commit them are *self-willed*, or commit them wilfully, and with a high hand, sin for which they can have no cloak or excuse. On the other hand, *open sins*, or sins committed in the face of day, have often a much less degree of wilfulness or presumption in them than one would at first imagine. They are often committed entirely in deference to the practice and opinion of a world that lieth in wickedness, when the individual who commits them would, if left to the bias of his own judgment and convictions, have abhorred to do so great a thing and sin against God.

The distinction between *secret* and *presumptuous* sins, in our English version, is entirely imaginary, and does not exist; and the translation I have given after Luther's version, is indispensably requisite to bring out the evident meaning of the psalmist. The passage in question, however, cannot fail to impress the reader with a high idea

of the remarkable accuracy of David's language, and of the deep insight which he had obtained into the nature of fallen man. See Numbers xv. 22—31.

F.

Yea, justified, O Lord, by thee,
From all my great iniquity.

I conceive the phrase in this verse rendered *the great transgression*, does not allude to any particular sin, but to all the psalmist's past iniquity. In short, the psalmist seems to have had in his eye, as the great object of a sinner's desire, the blessedness of him whose sin is *pardon**ed*, whose transgression is *cover**ed*, and to whom the Lord *imputeth not* iniquity.

G.

Yea, hear the language of my heart,
For thou my strength and Saviour art.

The word translated *meditation*, in the English version of the last verse of this psalm, is by Luther, whose translation I have followed, rendered, *gespräch, language*. I apprehend the verse should be translated, *let the words of my mouth, even the language of my heart, &c.*, and that it implies a strong declaration of the sincerity of the psalmist.

PSALM CXX.

A.

It would seem that David wrote this psalm during his banishment from the court of Saul, and while he lived the life of a fugitive, either among the wandering Arabs, or people like them: and that after his elevation to the throne of Israel, and consequently after his prayer for deliverance had been fully answered, he prefixed to it the

part which now forms the first verse, and published it for the benefit of all who should experience similar afflictions. This explanation of the apparently anomalous character of the first verse, standing as it does as a sort of outline or abridgement of what follows, is not only accordant with probability, but accords exactly with what the psalmist himself actually says in that verse. "*In my distress I cried unto the Lord,*" says the psalmist. And what were the words of thy prayer or cry? some inquirer seems to ask. "The following psalm," the psalmist replies. "And what was the result?" the inquirer again asks. The psalmist again replies, "*He heard me.*" This explanation will doubtless apply in the case of other psalms of a similar kind, in which a declaration resembling the one in the first verse of this psalm is prefixed to a prayer for deliverance. The prayer was written in the time of trouble and sorrow, and was known only to God who heard it, and to a few, perhaps, of the psalmist's companions in affliction. But after the wished for deliverance had been obtained, David, in the gratitude of his heart, prefixed the declaration of the joyful issue, and then published the prayer among the thousands of Israel.

B.

And share the wandering Arab's tent
Amid the desert lands.

Kedar was the ancient Hebrew designation of Arabia and of its inhabitants, the Arabs, who, it is well known, have ever dwelt in *tabernacles* or *tents*, as the word in the original is translated, in the first chapter of the Song of Solomon and fifth verse, and ought to have been translated here; for the word *tabernacle* conveys to an English ear the idea of a place of worship, rather than that of the temporary and comfortless residence of a wandering tribe, which David certainly meant it to signify. Kedar

was a son of Ishmael, the son of Abraham; Mesech, I apprehend, was merely another, though less frequent, designation of Arabia, derived, doubtless, from Meshech, the son of Japheth, and one of the fathers of the Arabian nation.

PSALM CXXII.

I have followed the translation of French and Skinner in both versions of this beautiful psalm.

PSALM CXXVI.

A.

Bring back our wanderers
Like torrents swift and deep.

Judea and the countries that lie to the southward and eastward, are subject, like the colonies of the Cape of Good Hope and New South Wales in the same parallels of latitude, to periodical visitations of drought and rain. During the prevalence of drought, a number of water-courses are left completely dry, and the disappointment of a traveller, after riding a long distance under a burning sun, on finding the channel of a torrent, in which water has been anxiously looked for, completely dry, is beautifully depicted in the following description of a caravan of Eastern merchants arriving at the empty channel of such a torrent.

"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: what time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing, and perish. The troops of Tema looked, the companies of Sheba waited for them. They were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither, and were ashamed."
—*Job*, vi. 15—20.

On the other hand, when the water-courses are again filled with water, on the return of rain, and spread fertility and beauty over the plains that have long been parched with drought, universal joy almost immediately succeeds to the extreme of desolation. Any person who has not witnessed such a transition, can with difficulty estimate the full force of the beautiful metaphor employed by the Psalmist when he prays that the Lord would bring back the Jewish captives, like streams in the south.

PSALM CXXVII.

A.

God gives his people needful rest.
 He magnifies their store;
 Yea, 'tis his blessing makes us rich,
 And his appointment poor.

Although the last three lines of this stanza are apparently supplementary, they are necessary, I conceive, to bring out the idea which is certainly implied in the passage immediately preceding.

PSALM CXXIX.

A.

It is questionable whether this psalm refers, as it is generally supposed to do, to our blessed Saviour at all. It seems to me rather to refer to the treatment which the Jewish people, as a nation, have uniformly experienced in the world, and to the final confusion and defeat of all their enemies.

B.

The ploughers ploughed upon my back.

It is probable that a *plougher* was, among the ancient Hebrews, the usual though contemptuous and ironical designation of the common scourger, or person employed

to inflict stripes upon those culprits who had been sentenced by a court of justice to that ignominious punishment: and when such a designation obtained general use, it was natural to extend the metaphor, as the Psalmist does in the present instance, to the whole process of flagellation.

C.

Shame and confusion and defeat
 O'erwhelm all Zion's foes!
 Yea, they shall be like blasted corn
 That withers while it grows.

The houses of the ancient Jews were flat-roofed, with a low parapet wall around the sides to prevent accidents. See Deut. 22: 2. It was accordingly not unusual for the Jewish householder, when his corn had become damp, or required exposure to the sun or air, to spread it out for a short time on the flat roof of his house. In this way, it frequently happened that a few stray grains of the corn so exposed fell into the interstices of the roof and germinated; but from want of earth and moisture the vegetation that ensued was uniformly blasted during the heat of summer. It is obviously improper, therefore, to render the word employed in the original, as both Luther and our own translators have done, by the word *grass*; for the grass of which the Psalmist speaks—using the generic word for the particular species intended—is a species of grass from which a crop of grain might be expected, and which was usually reaped and bound into sheaves on a harvest-field. It is also unnecessary, and perhaps improper, to perplex the English reader with such a phrase as “grass upon the house-tops,” which the difference of our customs prevents him from understanding, and of which the very intelligible phrase, “blasted corn,” is an exact equivalent. I have therefore, in this instance, endeavoured to exhibit the meaning, rather than the *ipsissima verba*, of the psalmist.

Having suggested the idea of "blasted corn," such as the Jews were accustomed to see on their house-tops, the psalmist—beholding in prophetic vision the fate of the enemies of Zion—suddenly transfers the scene, by a very natural principle of association, to a whole field of such grain, from which the husbandman had been expecting an abundant crop, but on which, in consequence of its having been blasted by some blighting wind, the joyful scene of reapers and sheaf-binders, on whom the pious and sympathising traveller would implore the divine blessing as he passed along, should never be exhibited.

PSALM CXXXI.

A.

I have not hesitated to adopt the German version of the second verse of this psalm, on which, it appears to me, its whole interpretation depends, in preference to that of our translators. Luther's translation of this verse is as follows: Wenn ich meine seele ruch setzete und stilleta, so ward meine seele eutwehnet, wie einer von seiner mutter eutwehnet wird. "If (or whenever) I did not compose and quiet my soul, my soul was weaned, as one is weaned from or by his mother."

Now I conceive there is internal evidence, in the psalm itself, sufficient to evince the propriety of this version. In the English version, David is somewhat preposterously made to speak in high terms of commendation of his own humility, and to compare himself in that respect to a little child; whereas, if he had been really humble, or had possessed the modest simplicity of a little child, he would not have spoken of himself in such terms at all. Again, in the English version, the word or idea which evidently forms the hinge on which the whole psalm turns, I mean the word *weaned*, is entirely lost sight of, and considered merely as synonymous with such insignificant words as *little* or *young*; the Psalmist being represented as merely saying, "My conduct has been like

that of a little child." This, I apprehend, however, is far short of the force of the word in question, or of the meaning of the psalmist in this passage. *To wean* signifies to detach, by a species of gentle violence, an infant or sucking child from what it loves above all things—the breast of its mother. It implies, therefore, 1st, A state of strong affection towards a particular object; 2d, A species of violence exerted with a view to withdraw the affections from that object; and 3d, A state of indifference towards that object ever after.

Let this explanation, then, be applied to the illustration of this short but beautiful psalm, and instead of a commonplace and somewhat unchristian declaration, it will be found to exhibit a series of beautiful and most interesting sentiments, perfectly accordant with the personal experience, and highly becoming the character of every truly pious man. Agreeably to this explanation, David acknowledges that he was naturally as much disposed to pride and its attendant evil feelings, and to worldly-mindedness and its attendant sinful anxieties, as any other man; but that God, by a species of salutary violence, either in withdrawing him from the objects of his natural affections, or by wresting them from his grasp, had so weaned his heart from the love of them, that he could now behold them with as much indifference as a weaned child exhibits on beholding the breast of its mother. In his usual manner, the psalmist states the result of the process to which he had been subjected, in the first verse of the psalm, and immediately thereafter describes the process itself in the second, concluding with a word of encouragement to all who are undergoing the same privations or afflictions as he had himself experienced at the hand of God.

PSALM CXXXII.

A.

Behold, at Ephratah we heard
Of Zion's holy ground,

T

And in the forest in the field
The chosen spot we found.

Caleb, or Chelubai, the son of Hezron and grandson of Pharez, the son of Judah and Tamar, (See 1 Chron. ii. *passim*.) married Ephrath or Ephratah, whose third son, Salma, was the founder of the city of Bethlehem, which he seems to have called Bethlehem Ephratah, in honour of his mother. In 1 Chron. ii. 51, Salma is called the *father* of Bethlehem: it should have been the *founder*, for in that sense only could a man be called the father of a city, unless, which is not at all probable, it was inhabited solely by his posterity. It is possible, indeed, and perhaps not improbable, that Bethlehem received the appellation of Ephratah or Ephrath, which it bore as early as the days of Ruth, (see Ruth iv. 11, Do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem,) from its being in the immediate vicinity of Ephrath—so famous in Jewish history as the burial-place of Rachel—just as a comparatively obscure town in Europe, for such Bethlehem must have been for many years after it first became the dwelling-place of the family and friends of Salma, is sometimes designated by adding to its proper name that of some place of greater antiquity or of greater notoriety in its neighbourhood.

It was at Bethlehem Ephratah, therefore, the place of his birth and the head-quarters of his family, that David first heard, probably through some divine revelation, communicated either directly to himself, or indirectly through the prophet Nathan, immediately after he had sworn the oath recorded in the 3d, 4th, and 5th verses of the psalm—it was at Bethlehem Ephratah that David first heard of the neighbouring hill of Zion being the place which the Lord had chosen to put his name there. *The fields of the wood* must doubtless have been a large forest in the immediate vicinity of Bethlehem, in which David was when the revelation was made to him; for the

rules of Hebrew poetry will not permit us to refer that appellation to Mount Zion.

Lo, we heard of it—at Ephratah: we found it—in the fields of the wood.

Salma, the son of Chelubai, called his new town Bethlehem, or *the city of bread*, probably to denote the fertility of the neighbourhood, and doubtless altogether unconscious that it should deserve the appellation to all eternity, from its being destined to be the place where *the bread of life, which cometh down from heaven*, was first revealed in bodily appearance to the sons of men. “Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, *whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.*”—Micah v. 2.

B.

For thine own servant David's sake,
O take not thou away
The sceptre of thy chosen one,
Even thine anointed's sway.

Luther's version, which I have followed, is, *Nim nicht weg das regiment deines gesalbten, um deines knecht's David's willen.* “Take not away the rule or government of thine anointed, for thy servant David's sake.”

C.

For I've prepared a lamp to burn
For mine anointed's line.

That is, the lamp or glory of David's house shall burn or shine for ever in the person of Jesus Christ, the son of David.

PSALM CXXXIV.

A.

The Jewish Rabbis inform us, that this psalm was sung every evening by the priests and Levites, on stationing the guards for the night, at the gates of the temple.

PSALM CXXXVII.

A.

A favoured one thy little ones,
Shall dash upon the flinty stones.

I have not ventured to translate the latter part of this psalm in this manner, merely because the sentiment expressed in the prose version, "Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones," appears harsh and vindictive, but because it appears to me to be a misrepresentation of the meaning of the sacred writer. That it is so will appear, I doubt not, to the reader also, when he considers to whom this prophecy (for such it is most undoubtedly) refers, and in what language the individual it designates, (for it does undoubtedly designate a particular individual,) is spoken of in other prophecies of Scripture. The individual then who is thus expressly designated by the psalmist as the person appointed in the providence of God to reward Babylon as she had served Jerusalem, and to dash her little ones against the stones, was Cyrus, king of Persia: and the language in which that monarch is spoken of in the prophecies of Isaiah, to which the psalmist undoubtedly referred, in reference to this very designation, is as follows: "The burden of Babylon which Isaiah, the son of Amos, did see—I have commanded my *sanctified ones*, I have also called my

mighty ones for mine anger, even them that rejoice in my highness. The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle. They come from a far country, from the end of heaven, even the Lord, and the weapons of his indignation, to destroy the whole land. *Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes.*" Isai. xiii. 1, 3, 4, 5, 16. "Thus saith the Lord to *his anointed*, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him." Isai. xlv. 1. "That saith of Cyrus, he is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure." Isai. xlv. 28.

Instead therefore of a strong, and to us apparently shocking expression of vindictive feeling, the close of the 137th psalm is nothing more than a prophetic announcement of the overthrow of the Babylonish empire through the instrumentality of Cyrus—an announcement, moreover, not only in accordance with the general tenor of the prophecies of Isaiah, which were doubtless in the hands of the Jewish captives when that psalm was written, but actually embodying in it an obvious reference to one of these prophecies. In reference to his accomplishment of that work of divine justice for which he was thus appointed and exalted, and highly favoured of God in all temporal respects, Cyrus is styled in the prophecies of Isaiah, *a sanctified one*, one of the Lord's *mighty ones*, one who *rejoices* in his *highness*; nay, *the anointed of the Lord*, and Jehovah's *shepherd*, who should perform all his pleasure. Now, it is not at all wonderful that a person who is thus described in the prophecies of Isaiah, should be described as a *happy man* in a prophecy respecting him in the psalms. To suppose, however, that it was the meaning of the psalmist that the happiness of Cyrus should be derived from his dashing out the brains of the infants of Babylon, is neither necessary nor accordant with the corresponding prophecy in Isaiah; nay, is grossly injurious to the psalmist, and perfectly absurd. Is there not reason, however, to suppose, from the edict of Cyrus, in favour of the Jews, Ezra i. 1, from the office

held by Daniel at his court, and from the universal opinion of antiquity respecting his extraordinary wisdom, justice, benevolence and humility, that he was blessed of God, or became a happy man, in a far higher sense than as a mere favourite of fortune? For my own part I think it highly probable.

PSALM CXXXIX.

A

My mind, that secret work of thine,
Proclaims thy hidden power divine;
That power inspired my senseless clay,
When in my mother's womb I lay.

Luther's version is, "Deun du hast meine nieren in deiner gewalt; du warest über kus in mutterleibe." "For thou hast my reins in thy power; thou wast over me in my mother's womb." My idea of the passage, which I have endeavoured to translate accordingly, is, that the psalmist having laid down his general position that "darkness and light were alike to God," looked around him for a familiar illustration of the fact, and immediately referred to that secret and inconceivably mysterious operation of the wisdom and power of God—the union of the rational and immortal soul with the irrational and mortal body of man, which, the psalmist intimates, takes place antecedently to his birth, in the dark recesses of the womb.

If it is asked, however, what ground is there for this interpretation of the passage? I answer, all that is requisite. For it is well known to every Hebrew scholar that *the reins* or *kidneys* were regarded, in the philosophy of the ancient Hebrews, as the seat or emblem of the intellectual powers, just as *the liver* was regarded as the seat or emblem of the affections of the mind. Thus in Psalm xvi. 7, the meaning of the passage, "My reins instructed me in the night season," is, "My intellectual

powers instructed me." I conceive then, that the psalmist's meaning in the verse in question may be expressed in the following words: "The power (in Hebrew, *hand*) of God was exerted, in some hidden and mysterious manner, upon the mass of irrational matter in my mother's womb, which was to constitute my mortal body, and possessed or impregnated it with those intellectual energies, which were to constitute my mind." The following passages of Scripture are, I apprehend, somewhat parallel—the one in its signification, the other in its form of expression. "There is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Job, xxxii : 8. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Genesis, i : 2.

B.

Thy wisdom drew the wondrous plan,
And formed the likeness of a man.

The phrase *curiously wrought*, in the English translation of this verse, is, in Luther's version, *gebildet*, imaged, moulded, modelled, or fashioned. The corresponding word in the Genevan Bible is, "fashioned."

C.

O, endless were the long account,
And infinite the vast amount!
For daily I should still record
New thoughts of mercy, gracious Lord!

Although this verse is translated in the old Genevan Bible in the same manner as in the authorized version, the following marginal note, which is given in explanation of it, certainly proves the view I have taken of it: "I continually see new occasions to meditate in thy wisdom and to praise thee."

PSALM CXLI.

A

Let good men smite me, Lord,
 Whene'er I go astray,
 I shall esteem them kind to me,
 And for their welfare pray.

Their bitterest reproof
 I'll joyfully endure;
 Like balsam to a wounded head,
 'Twere only meant to cure.

The fifth and sixth verses of this psalm are not without very considerable difficulty. The former is rendered in our prose translation, to which with the exception of a single clause I have adhered, in preference to Luther's version, in the following manner: "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head: for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities." Luther's version is, "Der gerechte schlage mich freundlich, und straffenrich, das wird mir so wohl thun, als ein balsam auf meinem haupt: denn ich bete stets, dass sie mir nicht schaden thun." "Let the righteous smite me in a friendly way, and let him rebuke me, it will do me as much good as a balsam upon my head: for I pray continually that they may not hurt me."

In the following verses I apprehend the psalmist declares that, so far from revenging himself for the fancied injuries he might have received from good men, when smiting or reprovng him for his profit, although the reproof thus administered might have been unmerited on his part and unreasonably severe, he would even continue to pray for them in the time of their calamities. And when the existing authorities of Israel—when the house and servants of Saul, his persecuting enemy, should be utterly overthrown and perish, as he foresaw they speedily would, on the rocky mountains of Gilboa,

so far from taking vengeance on the remnant and adherents of that bloody house, his words to them and to all the people would be words of peace and consolation, sweet as the morning dew and refreshing as the rain. What words, for instance, could possibly be sweeter, or exhibit the character of the psalmist, in connection with this resolution, in a more affecting and interesting light, than those of the lamentation wherewith David lamented, in all the bitterness of unfeigned sorrow, over Saul and Jonathan his son? 2 Sam. i : 19-27.

PSALM CXLII.

A.

For when my soul's o'erwhelmed with grief,
And men beset my way
With hidden snares, thou comfortest
And mak'st my darkness day.

Luther's translation of this verse, which I have followed, is; Wenn mein geist in augsten ist, so nimst du dich meiner du; sie lefen mir stricke auf dem wege, da ich auf gehe. "When my spirit is in anguish or perplexity, thou treatest me kindly; they lay snares for me in the way that I go."

PSALM CXLV.

A.

I have in great measure retained the authorized long metre version of this splendid psalm; modernizing it, however, and making such other emendations as appeared necessary.

PSALM CXLVI.

A.

The word Hallelujah, "Praise ye the Lord," with which this and the last three psalms begin, in the Eng-

lish version, is rather the general title of these psalms than part of the psalms themselves. It is so regarded by Luther and the authors of the old Genevan version.

B.

Trust not in kings ; for they are men ;
 They cannot help nor save ;
 Ere long they die, and their designs
 Are buried in the grave.

Verlasset such nicht auf fürsten : sie sind ruenscher die können ja nicht helfen. Deun des meuscheu geist muss davon, und er muss wieder zur erden werden : alsdum sind verloren alle seine auschlage. "Trust not in princes : they are men, who cannot help. For the spirit of man must go from him, and he must be (turned) to the earth again : then all his designs are lost." *Luther.*

PSALM CXLVIII.

A.

I have in great measure retained the second version of this beautiful psalm, modernizing it, however, where it seemed necessary, especially in the second stanza.

PSALM CXLIX.

A.

Let them sing when they march in procession along,
 While the harp and the timbrel accord with their song.

Second Version.

In grave procession let them march,
 And praise him in the song.

It was customary on certain occasions, and especially on all the three great festivals of the ancient Jewish church, for a number of priests and Levites to march in

solemn procession from some place in the neighbourhood, and in some instances, as in the case of the feast of tabernacles, from without the walls of Jerusalem, towards the temple on Mount Zion, singing, or rather chanting, as they marched, psalms or hymns to the praise of Jehovah. And there are several of the psalms that bear upon the face of them the evidence of having been expressly composed for such processions. Thus, in the 132d psalm, which must have been composed by Solomon for the services at the dedication of the temple, it is evident, that the first six verses, at least, were intended to be sung or chanted *without* the temple; otherwise with what propriety could it have been added in the seventh verse, "We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool." In like manner the 122d psalm must evidently have been composed for a somewhat similar procession; otherwise, with what propriety could the words, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem, &c.," have been sung or chanted by persons who were already within the city? The beauty of the 84th psalm also, which is entitled, *A psalm for the sons of Korah*, is materially heightened when we conceive it to have been composed, as the title seems to intimate, for a procession of the kind I have mentioned, and to have been sung or chanted by those Levites, who were, in all likelihood, the foremost in the procession, as soon as they came in sight of the temple. See also Psalm lxxvii.

In the processions to which I have just alluded, the company of priests and Levites moved, in a sort of measured step, to the sound of instrumental music; their motion being either slow and solemn, or lively and rapid, according as the psalm or hymn they were singing at the time—and to which the music was always skilfully accommodated beforehand, by the ablest practitioner of the art, or as he is styled in Scripture, *the chief musician*, of the day—was of a plaintive or cheerful cast. Now, I feel confident, that the word which in our English ver-

sion is most erroneously translated *dance*, both in this and the following psalm, signifies nothing more than the measured step, the march, or regulated movement of a religious procession of this kind. No two things, however, can be more different from each other, than such a procession, and what we call dancing. No two employments can possibly be more remote from each other, than those in which the actors in these cases are respectively engaged.

But this conjecture amounts to something like absolute certainty, when we reflect on the manner in which the corresponding Greek word *choreuein*, to dance, has come to acquire its usual signification. "The elegant mythology of the Greeks," as it is styled by the historian Gibbon, was avowedly borrowed in great measure from the oriental nations; but it is singular enough that the most *elegant* and the most interesting, as it is uniformly acknowledged to be, of the religious observances of that highly cultivated people, should be plainly traceable to the ritual of the despised Hebrews: I allude to the institution of the Greek chorus—that singularly interesting and beautiful appendage of the ancient tragic drama—which I apprehend there is every reason to believe was originally nothing more than a transcript or imitation of the religious processions of the Jewish priests and Levites. For the Greek chorus—the religious origin, character and bearing of which are universally acknowledged, although it came in process of time to be a mere appendage to a theatrical performance—was originally a hymn in honour of the gods, (or rather of the true God, whom Grecian refinement subsequently concealed from the view of his worshippers,) which, like the psalms of the Hebrews, was sung or rather chanted at stated times by a company of persons attached to the temple of the divinity to whose praise the hymn was sung. And it is a singular fact that the most ancient composition extant, excepting the holy Scriptures, is just such a choral hymn as I have mentioned. I mean the orphic hymn;

the author of which is unknown, but the purer theology of which evidently refers it to a much higher antiquity, and a much purer source, than the elegant mythology of the Greeks.

Like the Jewish processions of priests and Levites already described, the choral company, among the ancient Greeks, consisted originally of a certain number of religious persons—either aged men or young maidens—under the direction of a choregos or leader of the chorus, or as he would be styled, in the language of Scripture, *the Chief Musician*. And it strikes me very forcibly, that as the sons of Korah (see titles of psalms 84, 85, 87, 88,) were especially employed as the singers in these processions, the Greek word *choros*, which signifies the *choral company*, and is a primitive word in the Greek language, was originally derived from the Hebrew *Beni Korah*, (the sons of Korah,) the phrase denoting the choristers of the Hebrews: for the circumstance of that word being a proper name would never suggest itself to a foreigner, who would rather look to the employment than concern himself about the pedigree of those who bore it.

Like the Jewish processions also, the choral performances of the Greeks were celebrated only on the great festivals of the nation, when the whole body of the Greek people were assembled for the celebration of their periodical games in honour of the gods. On these occasions the choral company appeared on a sort of stage erected for the purpose, and chanted hymns, under the direction of their *choregos*, or chief musician, in a kind of alternate recitative style, while they marched (*choreuon*) in a sort of measured step to the sound of instrumental music. Now the Greek word *choreuein*, which, like the Hebrew word translated *dance* in the last two psalms, originally signified *choros duco*, to act the part of a *choregos* or chief musician, i. e. to march in a lofty measured step, chanting hymns to the sound of instrumental music, like the sons of Korah in the Jewish processions,

came in process of time to be exactly synonymous with the English word to *dance*, in which signification it is so frequently used by the poet Anacreon.

We may form some idea of the nature of the religious processions of the ancient Hebrews, from the psalms or hymns which appear to have been usually sung on such occasions. These were chiefly the psalms entitled, *Songs of Degrees*, i. e. steps, marches, processions, or as Luther translates the Hebrew original, "*Songs in the higher chorus.*" Some of these, as their very subjects intimate, were chanted by the company of priests and Levites, in marching towards Mount Zion on one or other of the three great festivals. Others, as the 134th, and perhaps also the 121st and 133d, were in like manner chanted by those priests or Levites, whose turn it was to mount guard at the gates of the temple in the evening, when the former or day guard were relieved: while the 127th psalm, which is entitled a *Song of Degrees for Solomon*, and the 132d as I have already shown, were, in all likelihood, composed for the express purpose of being chanted in a procession of priests and Levites at the dedication of the temple.

If the case of David, who *danced before* the ark of the Lord, should be referred to as incapable of explanation on the principle I have suggested, I would observe, that on that occasion David, instead of marching as a monarch at the head of his chief officers, clothed in the splendid apparel of royalty, and demeaning himself with the lofty bearing of a king, laid aside that apparel, and assuming the white linen vestment of the ordinary priests, probably acted for the time as the choregos, the chief musician, or leader of the procession, marching to the sound of instruments of music in the measured step of the choristers, and chanting the praises of Jehovah. For it is especially to be observed, that it was not his *dancing*, or rather *marching*—which Michal probably regarded as a highly religious observance on such occasions—but his *uncovering* himself, or laying aside his royalty, and demeaning

himself to the level of an ordinary priest, that appeared so peculiarly offensive to the high-born daughter of Saul. "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day, in the eyes of the hand-maidens of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!"

There is an interesting relic of the olden time in some parishes on the confines of Galloway, in the southwest of Scotland, which may perhaps afford an indistinct idea of the solemn processions, if not of the sacred choral dance of the Hebrews. In consequence of a very excusable prejudice, originating in the times of the covenanters, and extensively prevalent among the people, in favour of the dispensation of the sacrament of the Lord's supper in the open air, it is usual, in the parishes in question, for the ministers and elders who officiate on such occasions, to walk slowly from the church, immediately after the preliminary services have been performed, and at the head of the whole body of intending communicants, to some field in the neighbourhood, where the sacrament is dispensed, as it used to be from necessity, in the troublous times of our forefathers, in the open air. And in walking in solemn procession towards the place appointed for the celebration of the ordinance, some appropriate psalm, such as the 15th, 24th, or 118th, &c. is sung by both ministers and people. In the Hebrew processions the mode of chanting was doubtless very different from the Scottish psalmody; the step was doubtless more varied, and the accompaniment of instrumental music was very much at variance with our own customs. Still, however, I can easily conceive, that the devotional feelings of the persons engaged in the one instance may have been just as strong as those of the persons engaged in the other; and that the whole procedure and deportment of both were entirely different from that *noisy mirth and revelry of fools* which are necessarily associated, in the mind of a European or American, with the idea of dancing.



